The Grant County News

PUBLISHED BY ERY SATURDAY MORNING AT CARYON CITY, ORBGON.

-BY-J. H NEAL.

Almost Burled Alive.

According to the Cincinnati Enquirer, Josephine Ryman, a fair-haired, blueopen and staring, the lips were apart, die." there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the that have contributed toward the extrafamily prepared to bid Josephine the last farewell. The coffin was ordered, agriculture in the United States is, unbusy fingers began to prepare the white questionably, the great native fertility of asked sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? clothes in which to bury the corpse, and soils, as yet unexhausted in the newer Do you know, little girl?" in fact, every preparation was made for States and territories, which are thus

of that day there was a slight change in ures of many ages. That these cannot the appearance of the body, which gave hold out forever, or even for years to the startled watchers a faint hope that come, is an inexorable law of nature; the girl lay in a trance, and that this was and the steady diminution per acre in nantly. "I am nine years old next week." but death's counterfeit. The body lay the States east of the Mississippi river, on its back, with arms folded, just as the resulting in their increased inability to attendants placed it. There was not the compete in the growing of cereals with least perceptible breathing; the eyes still the newer States, has long given warnhad that stony, unmeaning gaze; the face ing that the experience of the Old iciness of real death was wanting. The continent, and that the old and ever refeet and limbs were not warm, but they curring question is upon us of maintaindid not have that chilly touch that is a sure accompaniment of actual dissolu- of systematic culture and returns to the tion. There was sufficient doubt in the soil. minds of those in attendance to warrant

will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live." ror which possessed this girl when it is the European immigrant. The ravaging store." So he chirped to his horse, and then known that she was cognizant of every of the virgin soils by heavy cropping turned the wagon, and was soon out of sight.

said: "Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with the lighted candles and neighbors come and peer into my of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered in the ground. I tried to make some noise or move just a but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair, and their kisses were warm to my lips. As they turned to leave me, it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't do it. I felt like screaming. I tried to, but I couldn't move a arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul, he turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. Will no one find out that I live?' said I to myself. 'Must I be buried to wake only when it is too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was madness! Why dosen't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead!' It was of no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman when diseases of the throat are so unigiving directions as to the making of a versally prevalent, and in so many cases eral and all. I tried to look conscious in behalf of a most effectual, if not posand let them know that I understood it litive, cure for sore throat. For many all, but it was impossible. It is a won- years past, indeed, we may say during der I did not die of fright and agony. I the whole of a life of more than forty often think that I would sooner die, a years, we have been subject to sore throat that experience again. Finally, when all cough, which is not only distressing to ene said: 'Ain't you going to cut her with whom we are brought into business hair off?' My hair was done up in long contact. Last fall we were induced to said my sister, 'we'll cut it now.' Then salt. We commenced by using it three they got the scissors and came up to me. times a day-morning, noon, and night. While one of them took hold of my head We dissolved a large tablespoonful of feel the cold on my neck. I realized gled the throat most thoroughly just bethat this was about the last thing they'd fore each meal time. The result has do before putting me in the coffin. The been that during the entire winter we two one long braid of my hair was taken but the dry, hacking cough has entirely off and laid aside. My head was then disappeared. We attribute these good turned the other way to allow them to results solely to the use of salt gargle. get at the other braid, but this was not and most cordially recommend a trial

don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and I was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back, nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen the house a little while after that. I thought everybody had rushing in as soon as they heard of it, and for several days there was nothing talked about but me. My folks thought I didn't know what was going on. Little eyed young woman, is just recovering they thought that every word spoken in from a remarkable illness at the home of that room was heard and understood by her sister, Mrs. Brown, at Evansville, me. They tried to keep everybody from Ind. Her parents died some years ago, referring to the fact that my shroud was and Josephine went to work in St. bought, the coffin ordered and the James, a little village near by. One funeral arranged. They made an ex-Saturday night last winter she went to cuse, too, for part of my hair being cut light puff of wind. Away off in the field over the singing school. She had not been off. They told me the reason of it was in her seat long when she felt a very that a plaster had been put on the back strange sensation about her head, accom- of my neck, and my hair got so tangled panied by pains in the back. She arose that it had to be cut away. I didn't say to her feet, as if to start out of the anything. One day my little brother church, when she fell in a dead faint, and said to ne: "Venie, you was going to be was carried home. Her friends at first buried last Thursday, and they cut your thought that the attack was but a mere hair off.' He never imagined that I wheels in the opposite direction, and, on lookfainting spell, and the usual restoratives knew more about it than he did. The ing up, found it was another wagon, driven were applied, but the girl continued to recollection of those terrible days and by Mr. Ward, the grocer and postman of Willie as if dead. Sunday came and went, nights will never leave me. I pray to low Grove. He checked his horse at the gate. but still there was no change. The body God that I may never be called upon to and began fumbling slowly in his coat pocket the window by the locomotivo, and then, with a became colder and colder, the eyes were pass through it again. I would rather for something.

Agriculture la America.

Most prominent among the factors ordinary development and prosperity of enabled to pour out upon the East and Thus passed Monday. On the evening upon Europe the accumulated soil treasing profitable productiveness by means

Whether this question shall be allowcaution, and so another day and night ed to assume the aspect of the menace mean. that annually confronts the European On Wednesday, or the fourth day after agriculturalist, "No manure, no crops, the girl was first stricken down, the or whether an ounce of intelligent prepriest was again sent for. After crit- vention shall forestall the heavy burdens to spend the remainder of your vacation with you ically examining the case and consulting that will otherwise rest upon the coming willow Grove at 4:30 P. M., on the 24th. Tell sunt with the physician, he said: "It is a generation and its industries, is the Mary to meet us if she has the time. trance. She may come to herself, but it issue that must largely be determined by enlightened government action, in the face of the already inveterate bad habits Accordingly the funeral was set for the of the vast majority of American farmers next day. Imagine the feelings of hor- that are, as usual, promptly adopted by word that was spoken in that room, and without change, or even the slighest could see the forms of her friends and attempt at return, followed by the watchers about her couch. Her terrible "turning-out" of the "tired" land, and situation is best told by herself. She too often, by the washing away of the the surface soil from the hard plow-sole formed by shallow tillage, not uncommonly resulting in the definitive ruin of the land for agricultural purposes, is repeated more or less in every newly setabout my head, and could see my sisters | tled region. Deserted homesteads, and melancholy old fields scarred with gulface it was awful. I heard every word lies, mar the face of the land in the rear spoken. My body, limbs and arms were of the pioneer farmer, and impose upon as cold as ice. I thought of the agony his steadier successor a heavy tax, in the way of reclamation, on soils that if rationally cultivated would not have felt the need of manure for scores of years. little to let them know that I was alive, For the want of the most rudimentary knowledge of agricultural facts and principles, the planters of the South have for three-quarters of a century wasted nine crops of cotton for every one made, by failing to utilize the chief product of their fields-cotton seed-for returns to the soil, which needs but little more to maintain its full productiveness forever. Such a crying evil as this would hardly have been allowed to exist so long muscle. The priest came in, and felt my in any country less averse to the least semblance of paternal government with out something more than the faint warnings and remonstrances uttered from time to time in the periodical press, or in government documents. The great perfection attained by agricultural implements for large-scale culture under have plenty of time to get back before the same governmental consideration as the the hands of American inventive skill, serves but to add to the rapidity with which the process of soil devastation is carried forward into new fields.-Eugene W. Hilgard in April Atlantic.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, writes a correspondent, shroud. I heard the time set for the fun- fatal. we feel it our duty to say a word thousand times sooner, than go through and more particularly to a dry, hacking had left the room but two or three, some ourselves, but to our friends and those braids and fell down my back. 'Yes,' try what virtue there was in common and turned it to one side, the other, with pure table salt in about half a small the scissors, began the cutting. I could tumblerful of water. With this we garwoman began to clip, and a second or were not only free from coughs and colds touched. Thank God! something of it to those who are subject to diseases in my condition, or some movement. I of the throat.

POLLY GARDNER AND THE DRAW-BRIDGE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy" but that gone crazy. 'Venie's alive!' 'Venie's her father and mother were obliged to remain alive!' The whole neighborhood came in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horseblock idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off on a visit to a sick neighbor. The birds were singing, bees were humming, and the slender branches of the great gray-green willows that shadowed the road moved softly with every the hills Polly could hear the ring of the mowers' scythes. Everything was so pleasant and peaceful that she wished her parents were there to enjoy it with her.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road, she heard the crunching of

After considerable searching he drew out a and then another, shook his head, and began feeling in his pockets again, brought forth his ter. At last he read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and

the horse-block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunty, Please give me my letter. It is from mamma. I am so glad!" "Can you read?" asked Mr. Ward, he still holding the letter far above Polly's reach.

"Oh, that's me!" cried Polly, jumping from

"Yes, of course I can," cried Polly, indig-"Well, well, Miss Polly Gardner, here's your on the outside of it, you would have had to covered her face with kisses. come and fetch yourself," said Mr. Ward, as he "You little darling," he cried, "do you know

handed the letter down to Polly. "Thank you ever so much," said Polly, tearwas as pallid as white marble; but the World is being repeated on the new ingher letter open ne vously. After reading it once she said. "Oh!" in a delighted voice. who still sa looking at Polly.

"No; but mother and father are coming today, if this is the 24th of August.' "Yes, it's the 24th of August. But let's see your letter, and I can tell you what they

Polly handed her letter back to Mr. Ward, who read it aloud slowly: "'DEAREST POLLY .- Papa finds that he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded

" 'Love to all, and a thousand kisses from 'Well," said Mr. Ward, as he gave Polly

back her letter, "they'll be here in about a half-hour, for it's almost four now. I guess I'll be moving; it's time I was back to the As aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station, and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the men open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a footpath over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lillies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago. and the flowers were not then open, and now as Polly ran down the road, she thought she John Wentworth on Calhoun and Benwould have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock, saw

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the brige. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman "Going for the pond lillies? The pond was

all white with them when I went by this mora-

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll lakes as great inland seas, deserving the train comes in.'

Polly thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. | conversation and pasted it in the book, Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but | but the Chicago fire has prevented me was afraid if she lingered too long she would from giving you the securctive language miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms. she pinned them into her belt, and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge I overtook Colonel Benton on my way when Polly came up. He looked over at her home, and when he ascertained where I from the center of the bridge, and called out

with a smile: "Couldn't you get any more flowers than these? If I had time to go to the pond you should have as many as you could carry. Polly smiled back at him, and then began

to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream, and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him, Polly heard the cry.

"The train!-the flag!" Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he rose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above the water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed gators.

by the occupants of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into the terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do now to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground just by the small wooden house where the flagman generally sat, Polly saw ared flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in cases of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars, She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag and flew wildly up the track.

"Oh, my papa! oh, my mamma!" she cried: they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do? and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe and could hear the panting of the engine. "I know they'll run over me, but if mamma

and papa are killed. I don't care to live," she black noisy engine. When it was about three hundred feet away from her, she saw a head thrust out of the lit-

great puffing, snorting, and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when white envelope, and turning it first one way | it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely. All the windows were alive with heads and

hands. The passengers screamed and waved spectacles, adjusted them carefully upon his her off the track. She stepped off and ran nose, and once more began examining the let- close up to the side of the engine and gasped out, "The bridge is open and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train or you will be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about, and four lillies pinned in her belt. waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched as though he had been drawn through briers, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he letter. But if your mar hadn't put 'In haste' | reached little Polly, he snatched her up and

what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people.'

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry One after another the passengers came hurry-"Nothing the matter?" inquired Mr. Ward, ing out of the train and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head upon the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering, "Please take me away and find mamma and papa.

Almo t the last to alight were Polly's parents, Why, it's our Polly !" they both exclaimed at

The draw was now being closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets, and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives. At last Polly grew tired of so much praise,

and spoke out: Really I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the

Those that heard her laughed, seeing they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unneticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the station while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely enamelled medal, with these words engraved on it:

"Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives."

John Wentworth, of Illinois, delivered that it was only ten minutes past four, so she a lecture in Chicago recently on reminhad twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on | iscences of some great statesmen whom he has known. In it he said of Calhoun: "He invited me to his residence one

evening, and he had me alone. He was the most charming man in conversation whom I ever heard. He spoke of Chicago very interestingly, of which he had derived considerable information through his official intercourse with the officers of Fort Dearborn while Secretary of War from 1817 to 1825. He spoke of the West as the natural ally of the South, and of the Mississippi and upper oceanic waters. He presented me with a J. O ELDRIDGE.

containing his biography G. W. FRINK, book his comspeeches with and pliments and autograph. wrote a narrative of the evening's of one who had been for years plotting the dissolution of the union to a young and inexperienced member of congress. had been and saw my book, he became extremely violent, averring that he could tell me every word that Calhoun had uttered. He said it was Mr. Calhoun's custom to early procure interviews with young men and instil into their minds the seeds of secession, nullification and treason. At the close of the Tyler administration he went into private life, and there he remained until he came to the senate in December, 1845. where he continued until his death,

The lake at Manzanillo, Mexico, burst its confines and poured into the sea. The lake was full of alligators and the harbor of sharks. When the monsters met, a water battle immediately began, and it was waged for several days in the presence of most of the people of Manzanillo. For a long time victory trembled in the balance, but the sharks finally prevailed and dined on the rear guard of the alli-

March 31, 1850. I heard his last speech,

and was at his funeral."

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