THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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I shall die regretting. I have always desired the happiness of my people and have done everything in my power to contribute to this alm. I can say with truth that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow. I would rather wear this sweet thought in my heart than to be decorated with all the jeweled baubles of Victory the kings of the world might bestow.-Last words of Empress Josephine.

REFERENDUM ON THE FAIR.

The Lewis and Clark Fair is menaced with a very serious danger. A overment has been inaugurated to invoke the referendum for the purpose of defeating the half million dollar appropriation made by the Legislature for the Fair.

The reports indicate that the opposition to the appropriation emanates largely from the farmers of the state, among whom there is a disposition to regard the Exposition as a Portland enterprise and not as an undertaking in which the state as a whole is interested. This feeling was accentuated by the attitude of the Multnomah delegation in the last Legislature, and particularly by its refusal to aid in the passage of the Harris bill for the taxation and regulation of corporations.

The farmers of the state were deeply interested in the fate of that asure, and its failure to become a law was a keen disappointment to them. They realized that with Multnomah's help the bill would have become a law, and there was strong resentment because this county, after receiving all that it asked for the Fair, did not assist the farmers to procure the legislation in which they were so much interested.

Undoubtedly there was reason for the feeling which was aroused, yet it will be a very unfortunate thing for the state if it is permitted to jeopardire the success of an undertaking of such vast importance to the whole people. The good name of Oregon is involved in the success of the Lewis and Clark Fair. Both at home and abroad it has been extensively adverfised and other states have been solicited to contribute to its success. A number of them have already responded with substantial appropriations, The people of Oregon are tacitly pledged to carry the enterprise through.

Sectional feeling and local jealousy must not be permitted to overthrow the work already accomplished and to fling away the opportunity that is before us. Those who are behind this movement should reflect that if they are successful in it, they will discredit our state before the whole nation. Such a responsibility is a grave one. The Lewis and Clark appropriation was passed by almost unanimous vote of the Legislature, and despite the feeling which afterwards arose against this county, there is no reason to suppose that the Legislature was not fairly reflective of the views of the great majority of the voters of the state. If the Fair was a desirable thing then, it is doubly so now, since so much more progress has been made toward its accomplishment.

The referendum is regarded by a large proportion of our citizens as an experiment. If its first application is to defeat an undertaking of such wast importance to the state, it will raise serious doubts as to the wisdom of the change which was made in the state constitution.

TROUBLE BREWING FOR THE BOSSES.

The Republican machine in this state is in imminent danger of the fate which finally overtook the wonderful one hoss shay. There is strong reason to believe that it may go to pieces at any time, and without a moment's warning.

Ever since the election of Charles W. Fulton as United States Senator, the machine politicians have been anxiously studying the political heavens in the effort to determine whose star will next be in the ascendant. Thus far they have found little comfort.

The perplexity is not confined to the rank and file of heelers and sworkers, but is equally shared by the leaders. The trio of bosses, Senator Mitchell, Harvey W. Scott and Jack Matthews, are no longer displaying that brotherly love and trust toward one another which characterized their relations only a few weeks ago. The editor is the most open in his manifestations of distrust and of kindling hostility. The memory of the gold brick swindle which was worked on him in the Senatorial struggle rankles no less keenly as time goes on, and he refuses to be mollified by the excuses and explanations of Matthews. That clumsy tricksters will yet have to answer for his failure to "deliver the goods" when the crucial hour arrived, and when Mr. Scott sent his famous telegram to Brownell asking his help.

Nor is Senator Mitchell any longer basking in the sun of the editorial favor. He can scarcely enjoy reading the almost daily predictions in the Oregonian of his own demise, nor the speculations as to the choice of his successor. Without discussing the good taste of such publications, they are certainly not very friendly. Quite as unkind are some of the recent criticisms upon certain of the Senator's appointees to federal positions. It may be true that some of them are destitute of principle and unworthy of respect, but political debts must be paid, as Mr. Scott very well knows. There was a time when he would have been discreetly silent on a topic that might expose Mitchell to public criticism. But that time seems to be past.

As for the Senator himself, it needs no unusual keenness to perceive that his hold upon the political machinery of the state has been greatly weakened. The arrival in Washington of a colleague who owed his election largely to the anti-Mitchell element was itself a severe blow to the senior Senator's prestige. It was a bitter pill to be forced to surrender to the opposing faction much of the patronage which was to have rewarded his own adherents. Mitchell's untimely illness has added to the embarrassments of the situation, and has given to Fulton a prominence which does not often come so early to a new Senator.

Still more ominous and menacing is the danger that the Simon wing of the party will re-enter the struggle for supremacy, and that the next election may utterly wipe out the narrowly won victory of last year. That victory was achieved only by the union of the forces that are now on the verge of dissolution. The return of Senator Simon to the state will in all probability be followed by preparations for an organized campaign against the Mitchell-Scott-Matthews machine, and the bickerings of the trio of bosses portend their defeat. Among the Simon Republicans the fray is awaited with eager confidence and already they believe the victory to be within their grasp.

The outlook is peculiarly distressing to the army of trimmers and heelers, whose anxiety is always to ally themselves with the victors. They do not yet dare to desert the machine, and at the same time they are fearful that its overthrow is at hand. The example of Brownell is a warning to those who would seek to make friends in both camps, though he continues to declare that he will be found in the band wagon when the

If the Simon faction should regain control it will be a sorry day for the Mitchell-Scott-Matthews machine, for not one of the bosses can expect any mercy from the man whom they deposed from power a few months ago.

The prize conundrum, What shall be done with the jackrabbit? is swered by a contemporary with the suggestion that he be canned and used as an article of food. It is admitted that there is no crying home demand for canned jackrabbit, but perhaps the idea is to export him for foreign consumption. If those Connecticut Yankees had not worked off their wooden nutmegs upon our Canadian cousins, perhaps a market might be found for jackrabbit across the border.

The Journal has had occasion to comment in the past upon the course pursued in the last Legislature by the Multnomah delegation. One of its many acts of folly is now bearing fruit in the movement to invoke the referendum against the Lewis and Clark Fair appropriation. Whenever the people select the tools of the bosses to represent them in the Legislature, they must expect bad results.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.



Hoar presents amendments to Senate on length of time for speech making.



King Ed. visits Wild West shows



Lord Chamberlain returns.

THIS IS THE LIMIT.

The American public has grown accustomed to the intensely realistic the heavens above, in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth that is not reproduced upon the modern stage. We are inured to the sight of railroad trains, fire engines, surgical of every description behind the footlights.

But the limit has been reached in the arrangements for presenting to a long suffering public the Inferno scene in Sardou's "Dante," which is soon to be on the boards of Eastern theatres.

The curtain will rise upon a graveyard scene by moonlight. Then the cypress trees will slowly disappear, the tombs will sink into the earth, and the yawning mouth of hell will open. Above it will appear the legend in phosphorescent letters "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," and flames and gusts of blood-red smoke will burst forth to the accompaniment of sobs, been drawn by his informant into several errors, tomb will gape and from the crevice will peer a grinning skeleton. Bursts of fire and peals of thunder, a rain of crimson changing to a ghastly green, and through all the yells of the damned-these are some of the promised features.

All in all it will be a spectacle admirably adapted for the young and the impressionable, and both pleasing and profitable to the general public, of Paulina's scalp; Maupin told me that some one stole the scalp from his house in Antelope Valley before he

LAWLESS LAWMAKERS.

The Spokesman-Review of Spokane pays its respects to the Washington Legislature in the following terms, which are certainly not ambiguous:

"The opinion is almost universal throughout the state that the Legislature just adjourned was the most inefficient, corrupt, arbitrary and unmindful of the people's interests of any that has ever met at Olympia. Since the days of the first Legislature in 1889 there has never been a time when railroad legislators and railroad lobbyists were so completely in control of the law-making power."

The Spokesman-Review is not alone among the papers of Washington, in its scathing arraignment of this Legislature of malodorous memory. Oregon is not always proud of her law makers and there were incidents in the last session which were far from creditable to those concerned in them, but evidently Salem must yield an unenviable precedence to Olympia, at least until another session convenes.

Unless some radical reforms are inaugurated by our sister state, we may be forced to establish a sort of moral quarantine against the members of the Washington Legislature.

That Chicago bartender who has watch which was given to his grandfather by Napoleon declines to say whether Bonaparte soaked it for a drink.

Probably it was merely a coincidence that the adjournment of the Washington Legislature was immediately followed by earthquakes throughout the

A Southern paper observes that Roosevelt continues to furnish the colored supplements for the administrative organs,

The weather man should be informed that March is one of the spring months. Left over snow storms and cold winds should be kept for another winter.

An Eastern exchange observes that the New Jersey minister who is trying to prove that St. Patrick was a Baptist is doubtless a believer in the They saw Clarno's gray mare tied to a juniper tree and recognized her about the same time they saw the In-"water cure" for snakes.

IN THE FIELD OF NATIONAL POLITICS

Gorman's Reappearance in the United States Senate Means Much for Democracy---Conservative Leaders See a Ray of Hope-Marylander Regarded as the Moses Who Will in the End Bring About Party Success--- As Adroit as Ever.

In the selection of the Honorable Arthur Pus Gorman as their leader, the Democrats of the Senate have taken a step which would indicate a partial return of reason to that party, at least to the extent of having a

compact organization with definite purposes and fixed policies, even though it be a minority.

Ever since Mr. Gorman left the Senate four years ago his party in that body has been sadly in need of a strong hand to guide it. Senator Jones, the retiring solon from Arkaness, who as chairman of the Demo-cratic caucus, has been the nominal minority leader. has fallen far short of the necessary qualifications of effective and prudent leadership.

Having no fixed purposes the minority has flour dered about hopelessly and simlessly and been most ineffective both in proposition and opposition. It has groped about in the dark for an issue, but could nothing more tangible than the Philippine question, and in handling that it has not met with any remarkable degree of success. The party contests have been con-ducted by such men as Senator Carmack, Senator Pat-terson, Senator Balley, Senator Dubois, and to some extent by Senator Teller, Senator Bacon and Senator

But the first three named are men without practical experience in the management of great matters in the Senate. Each was serving his first term in the Senaté, and although they are able men, were no equal match for such giants in statecraft as Senator Aldrich, Senator Spooner, Senator Allison, and half a dozen others on the Republican side of the chamber. Teller and Dubois have had more experience, especially Senator Teller, but they are new recruits to Democracy, and could not be expected to step to the front and assume the reins of leadership, while Senator Tillman always fights upon his own responsibility.

Democracy May be United.

But under the command of Gorman, a different order of things may be expected; justead of the little factions of the minority, the Republicans may expect to face a united and aggressive Democracy, one that by reason of the insufficiency of its members will be sowerless to legislate, but will nevertheless keep the ma jority constantly active, and to a certain extent upon the defensive. The Republicans do not underestimate the organizing abilities and the political sagacity of the Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman; they have had experi-ence with him before, both when he was leader of a majority and of a minority. They know the qualifica-tions of the man with whom they will be obliged to recken, and recognize him as one of the ablest political strategists in either party.

It is just 50 years since the Hon. Arthur Pue Gor-man entered the Senate, but he was then only a page. However, even in that capacity as a boy he learned much of the political game. He continued in the service of the Senate in one position or another for 14 years, and was then appointed an internal revenue collector in Maryland. He served for several terms in the Maryland House of Delegates, was its speaker and for five years was a State Senator. He entered the United States Senate as a member of that body in 1881, and operations, steam yachts and livestock from the first took a prominent part in shaping the

ANOTHER STORY OF PAULINA

Oregon are, for several reasons, very interesting to me, having lived in this region for 25 years last passed. I know that, as to facts, Mr. De Lany is generally cor-

dents leading up to and the killing of Paulina he has

years just preceding and up to his death in January,

and by his oft repeated request, while living, I

Maupin was an extremely interesting conversational-

ist. At various times he held me interested deeply in

relating his losses and adventures by and with the

Indians from 1862 to 1867, when he killed Paulina, and in 1884 I took notes, which now lie before me, of

many incidents as he uttered them, and last night I

called in J. T. Doak, who was a nephew by marriage

of Maupin, and read Mr. De Laney's article to him. He

like me, declared there were errors in it, and I also read

my 1884 notes to Mr. Doak, which he assured me were

correct in every particular except as to what became

moved to Trout Creek. Mr. Maupin gave Paulina's gun

to John Bryan, a nephew of Maupin and a brother-in-

law of Mr. Doak. Hence, from these facts, I think you

will give us credit in regard to some of the incidents of

Howard Maupin's life.

In 1870 Maupin bought the improvements on the

Trout Creek ranch of James Cox, the son of Solomon

Cox, who died in Benton County, Oregon, several years

Washington, Maupin having sold his Antelope ranch

to Nathan Wallace, which, by the way, was nearly two

which Maupin used for a chicken house until a few

years ago. Grandma Maupin's house that was burner

last year was built in the early '70s of fir lumber hauled

on wagons from The Dalles. While it was the first "Tumber" house built on Upper Trout Creek it was not

That there were many interesting relics and beir

looms burned in the house is a fact, the Henry rifle, the

pictures, books etc., but Paulina's picture did not have

ture was of a robust, black, surly, defiant Indian; the

scalp was not burned, but one of Paulina's thigh bones

was, I suppose, for the Maupins used it for a window

Paulina going to the agent and promising to be a good

Maupin failed to tell us (Mr. Doak and I) about

That Maupin heard the noise at the corral twice one

night is true, that the corral was opened is also true,

but he, going out alone without his gun, is not true. His younger son, Garrett, was with him and there was

a little evidence that two indians were killed that night,

said if he had had his old shotgun he would have

Captain Olney came on to the scene with a squad of

soldiers. Maupin accompanied Captain Olney to Summit

trail of the Indians. There Maupin turned back without

Clarno secured two pairs of chain puzzle hopples for the

Just preceding his death Paulina made a raid on

the John Day River. About this time Wewah and his

band burned James Clark's house on the John Day

River, giving it the name of "Burnt Ranch," which name

it still holds. Paulina extended his raid to Clarno's took the puzzle hopples off of and drove the last two of

Trout Creek. James Clark was driving the stage coming down from Canyon City. He saw a squad of Indians (eight in number) cross the road at "Cold Camp

He pushed on down to Maupin's and reported what had seen. Thereupon Maupin, Clark and an old man,

he had seen. Thereupon Maupin, Clark and an old man, a Californian who was traveling through the country,

whose name Mr. Maupin never knew—Clark having sent the stage on with another driver—mounted their horses and first went to where Paulina and his band had

crossed the stage road. The trail was plain and Maupia knew Paulina's foot print from its size, for Paulina was known by the name of "Big Foot," on account of

e enormous size of his feet. They trailed them about 12 miles, across Trout Creek,

driving a bunch of horses and cattle. The

Clarno's horses off. Thence they struck westerly

About this time the Indians stole all but two of Andrew Clarno's horses. Clarno then lived and still lives on the John Day River, about 12 miles southeast

After that they stole 22 head of his horses, and

40 miles east of where Prineville now is, on the

lived in Antelope Valley, Mr

as two dead "Injuns" were found. And Maupin

"hand over his heart in a penitent mood."

"Injun;" hence, we doubt the truth of it.

'killed the whole squad.'

getting his horses.

from where Maupin

latter were Clarno's.

the first house; neither was it one of the "oldest house

Cox had a little log cabin on the Trout Creek ranch.

miles above where the town of Antelope is located

James Cox is now living in the Palouse country,

rect, but from the statements he makes of the

Having lived a neighbor of Howard Maupir

assisted in his burial.

PRINEVILLE, Or., March 16, 1903 .- (Editor Jour-

Enocked Out the "Porce Bill." Perhaps his greatest political engineering feat, and one which probably brought him most into prominence

as a leader, was the defeat of the "Force Bill" in the Fifty-first Congress.

The Democratic strength in the Senate was somewhat less than it was when Gorman left it temporarily four years ago, and materially less than it was during the four years of his last term when he was the leader of a majority in that body. Now there are but 33 Democrats in the upper house, as against 57 Republicant a class. cans, a clear Republican majority of 24, or nearly two-thirds. It is against such odds as these that the now junior Senator from Maryland will have to con-tend, but no one deubts that he will be able to "make good," so far as this paucity of numbers will permit.

Task a Difficult One. It will be Mr. Gorman's task to bring together It will be Mr. Gorman's task to bring of Democ-unite in harmony the discordant elements of Democ-racy; to outline a policy, and to fight for it. The duty is not an easy one to perform, but those who best know Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman believe that he is equal to the undertaking. If, as he is expected to do, Senator Gorman brings order out of chaos, cements his party, and does something with it in the next year and a half, this action will no doubt materially advance his candidacy for the Presidency in 1904.

Certain it is that he has the confidence of conserva-

tive Democrats everywhere throughout the country, and they look to him to restore the party to a condition of sanity, to inject into it new life and vigor to the end that it may at least meet the enemy next year least handleapped than it has been for the past eight years. Senator Gorman is not opposed to the ratification of th canal treaty, although he will see to it that Senator Morgan, who is its chief, and practically its only opponent, is guaranteed all the time he desires to expres his views. He will not be put to the test of physical endurance; Republicans are disposed to give him ample opportunity to present his arguments fully, as there plenty of time

Senator Gorman is also inclined to allow the Repub licans to assume the burden of responsibility for the ratification of the Cuban treaty. While some Demo-crats would like to make a fight upon this question, they will yield to the superior judgment of Senator Gorman in the matter.

John Sharp Williams in the House.

The task which is Gorman's in the Sepate, will fall to the lot of the Hon, John Sharp Williams in the House. It is now practically conceded that he will be the Democratic candidate for Speaker of the incoming House, and by virtue of that candidacy will be the minority leader on the floor. While he will have less to do with the shaping of party policies than Senator Gorman he will have more to do in the way of correlling a widely scattered minority and organising it to present a solid phalanx against an uncompromising najority able under the rules to ride rough shod over the minority whenever it sees fit to do so.

However, the Hon. John Shapp Williams, is another who is fully equal to any emergency. By working in harmony with the same fixed purposes in view, these two minority leaders at either end of the Capitol will be able during the next session of Congress to determine to a large extent the destinies of their party. They will be in position to give it standing before the people and entitled to confidence. Under their leadership there should be renewed hope for the Democracy Gorman is an old and experienced politician and Williams has been tried to that extent that his party assoclates have faith in his ability.

dian look-out to southward on horseback, attempting to get to Paulina's camp, whereupon Maupin, Clark and the old man put spurs to their horses to head the lookout off, which they did, but Maupin thought that the Indians heard his and Clark's horses' feet. The ridge up which they were running was very stony, and the Indians hurriedly broke camp, which was in a narrow nal.)-In your daily of the 4th of February there is an gorge well up the mountain, not deep, but rock bound, with a perpendicular wall on the north side, overhung by a moderately large spreading forked juniper tree. article written by Paul De Laney on the killing of Chief Paulina. Mr. De Laney's articles on Eastern

> Against this wall they had built their fire and were roasting a piece of beef, not horse. When Maupin first saw them they were passing over a narrow, rocky ridge, or "backbone" to the north of their camp, which rose some 40 to 50 feet above their camp and extended across "Paulina yards to the eastern foot of Paulina Butte, which at this place is very steep and a mass of loose shelled rock. It was there that Maupin and Clark dismounted, the way being too rough to ride, and ran down to the ridge which the Indians had just passed.

> Maupin did not stop until he got over the ridge, the running Indians being in full view. He opened fire, Although at long range one Indian fell. All the climbed the steep shell-rock hillside to the east of the summit of the butte and got away. He kept on shoot ing as long as there was an Indian in sight. Mr. Clari came onto the scene over the ridge after the ceased, having got his gun "choked" and was endeavor-

> ing to get it in working order. When he got to where Maupin was they could see the crippled Indian struggling uneasily and could se that he had something bright which reflected the sun's rays. They thought it was a revolver and that it was dangerous to approach a live Indian armed, so they took advantage of some rocks until they got close enough to see that what shined was a tin cylinder, or tube, like Assessors often carry their papers in for safety from Then they approached the fallen warrior. He placed his face upon his hands, lying on his stomach, and sulked. He made no signs of fear, neither did he appear to seek Mercy. Clark begged Maupin to let him finish him. Maupin consented and Clark shot him in the head with his revolver, and that was all the shot that Clark fired.

> Maupin's shot had hit Paulina in the hollow behind me of his knees and had completely disabled him.
>
> The old Californian was left far behind in the race, but got on to a point far below and opened fire with his long-barreled squirrel rifle and kept it up as long as he could see any Indian, but the range was too great for his

So ended the career of Chief Paulina. No other Indian was killed at the time, but Maupin believed he mortally wounded another, as a dead Indian was found thortly after in a cave six or eight miles west of Paulina Basin. No Indian fell in the edge of the fire, to horse was killed, Maupin recovered, or rather captured, all the horses the Indians had except the one the ookout was riding, a quiver of arrows, Paulina's gun and the beef-some roasted and some raw.

Paulina was a sub-chief of the Piute-Snakes, who operated throughout the country as described by Mr. De Laney. Wewah, another sub-chief, operated in the John Day Valley and Howiark in the Owyhee country. They were believed to be nephews of Paulina.

It was Wewah who followed up a hunting party of Warm Spring Indians, overtook them near the mouth of Board Hollow, about 12 miles above the Maupin place on Trout Creek, and killed Postaminy, the Warm Spring chief. This happened in the '60s this raid of Wewah, Clark's house was burned, just preeding the killing of Postaminy. There were seven dians in camp where Paulina was killed, all bucks. The look-out that was headed off is supposed to have joined the squad after they passed to the westward of Paulina Butte

One point in another article of Mr. De Laney's wish to call attention to, and that is the mystery of water being in the subterranean lake on the Malheur River. I think it no mystery, as by the composition of oxygen and hydrogen gases water is formed when proper onditions are present, and these conditions are always present in the earth, particularly in mountains. This xplains why springs are often found on mountains far above any known fountain head.

KNOX HUSTON.

AN INDIANA WHOPPER.

A cold weather snake story comes from Harrods burg, Ind., and the superintendent of the Giant Stone Company, as well as a number of others, says that it

While workmen were blasting with a heavy charge of dynamite on the Monon switch, running to the stone quarry, the explosion unearthed a bundle of snakes as large as a barrel. The reptiles were woven about each other until they formed a compact mass. The bundle contained several varieties of snakes

and the workmen found a few ground hogs in it, Some of the blacksnakes were eight feet in length; there were vipers three feet long, and copperheads, usesnakes and rattlers were in the bunch. olony of anakes was rolled over a bluff in a solid body Work was suspended for a time and a fire kindled about the snakes. As they came to life and started to crawl, away the workmen killed them with clubs. It is said that there were nearly 300 reptiles in the bunch—New York Herald.

INDIAN SAVED HIS LIFE

Frank Swingle is one of the most prosperous ranch ers in Klamath County, and that he now lives is due to the faithfulness of an Indian boy companion.

Frank was reared in Klamath County and his father was one of the oldest pioneers and most noted Indian fighters in the early history of Oregon. He took part in all of the early Indian Wars and led a company in the famous Rogue River campaign. In fact, the Swingles were either fighting Indians or neighboring with them on friendly terms throughout Frank's younger days.

Indian Playmate.

Before the last outbreak of the Plutes a number of Indians had their tepees pitched near the Swingle home. Among them was an Indian boy of about Frank's age, Among them was an Indian boy of about Frank's age, naither having reached a dozen years. A close friend-ship arose between Frank and this lad. Frank had a beautiful pony and he and the Indian rode out together on the plains. The Indian boy joined him when he went for the cows of evenings and Frank always divided his bread and butter between meals with his red companion. Indian food was not nearly so palatable as that prepared by Frank's mother, and the young boy eame almost to living at the Swingle home. Like all Indians, he was a great lover of horseback riding, and he took a special delight in riding Frank's pony. When out after the cown they would exchange horses to the Indian's great pleasure, and they run many races, Frank's pony always winning over the awkward cayuse.

Strange Disappearance.

norning Frank was surprised upon waking to find that the tepees had vanished and with them the Indians and his young companion. Not a word had been said about leaving, and neither Frank nor his parents could account for the strange step taken by their neigh-bors. But the matter did not remain shrouded in mya-tery many days. A rumor came from the agency with the news that the Indians had gone on the warpath, and Frank's father's services were again in demand.
As the Indians were operating in another portion of the country it was not thought that the Swingles would be molested, and Frank's father left him in charge of the affairs at home while he went to join the settlers is the attempt to subdue the hostiles.

A Hiding Place.

A few nights after Frank's father left a raid was made on their nearest neighbor's horses and they were all stolen. This aldrined Frank about his pony. They might steal all of the cows and drive away all of the range horses, but this would not hurt the bey half so badly as the less of his pony. He knew of a secret place down in a gulch where the grass grew tall and tender, and he decided upon this place as the best for his pony. People in those days did not raise hay and grain and their horses had to depend entirely on the range, so that Frank could not keep his pet animal at home and look after it. In order that the Indians should not find his hiding place he kept the pony at home after dark and then followed the gulch quietly in the darkness to the grass plot, where he tied the animal with a long rope so that it could eat its fill of grass during the night.

Indian Treachery. This was kept up several nights, but finally bad luck came. One night, Frank made his trip as usual, and he had a narrow escape, of which he did not learn, however, until after the Indian War had closed. But one thing he did learn, and that was, when he went for his pony the following morning he found the rope cut and the pony gone. It nearly broke his heart, but if he had known at the time how fortunate he had been in having his own life almost miraculously saved he would not have worried so much over the loss of his

A Close Call.

On that night as he came out of the door to take the pony to its accustomed place two pairs of eyes were gleaming at him from the darkness. As he opened the door and the firelight showed the outlines of his body in the doorway a rifle went to the shoulder of a man as quick as a flash and a murderous eye peered down the barrel, while a treacherous finger was finding its way to the trigger. In another second the mark would have been found and the report of the gun would have rung out on the night air. But to the great surprise of the would-be murderer, a small, dark form leaped from behind and lowered the gun, fairly hissing in the Indian language: "Coward!"

Frank closed the door behind him, took his pony from the old shack of a stable and led it down through the gulch as usual. He was followed at a safe distance by two companions. One was eager to get away from the other, but the smaller clung closely to the larger. When the boy had tied the pony securely and quietly stole away the same person who attempted to shoot him a few minutes before, stepped out, cut the rope, mounted the animal and rode away, while the smaller object followed on foot.

It was several months later. The Indians had been subdued. Frank's father had returned home, and the boy had made many inquiries of him about his pony, He thought the pony might be recaptured from the Indians, and had faint hopes upon the return of his father of ascertaining something about his favorite animal.

A Kind Act.

One day they were seated on the verandah when they saw a dark object approaching across the plains. It was not following any read or trail, but traveling by course alone directly toward the home of the Swingles, It was soon discovered that it was a horseman mounted upon one animal and leading another. On it came, In a short time the rider appeared at the gate. "An Indian boy!" exclaimed Frank's father, "And my pony, as sure as you live!" replied the boy,

Elated beyond all bounds, Frank rushed to the gate, eized the rope attached to his pony with one hand and extended the other to his old-time boy friend. The Indians had been detailed to steal all of the

face and saff; "No! We enemies now. Your people killed my father. I never like white man again." And the Indian boy rode away without uttering another word.

Education Healed the Wound. the young boy was placed in the reservation

school. He finally lost his prejudice against the white people, and Frank Swingle in particular. After they grew up to manhood he and Frank often met. It was then that they became sociable and the Indian Frank of the attempted murder on the night his pony was stolen. The Indians had been detailed to steel all of the

horses they could obtain in the country, to be used in the war against the whites. Frank's friend had overheard the assignment of the man to raid the Swingle He knew of his bloodthirsty nature and folowed him to the Swingle place and had prevented him from shooting the boy, which he was about to do out of pure wantoness.

A PROBLEM FOR SEA CAPTAINS.

There seems to be much controversy as to the proper names for the masts of the six-masted schooners and the seven-masted Thomas W. Lawson, The suggestion that the masts of the Lawson be named for the days of the week has not been accepted,

"How would it sound to shout such orders as these," said one captain when asked his opinion on the matter; 'Furl Wednesday,' lower away the Thursday peak, 'reef Monday,' and a lot of stuff like that?"

Some scafaring men and shipowners say that the masts should be designated as fore, main, mizzen, spanker, jigger, driver and pusher, but the captains of the only three six-masters affoat and the seven-master Lawson do not concur.

Capt. John G. Crowley, the managing owner of the Crowley fleet, said that the spanker must is the after most mast of a vessel, no matter how many masts the craft may have, and he believes that the proper way to designate the masts is to number them between the third and mizzen mast, and the last mast,

The matter has apparently been settled to the satisfaction of those most interested, and the names of the nasts of schooners are as follows; Two-master, fore and main; three-master, fore, main and mizzen; fourmaster, fore, main, mizzen and spanker; five-master, fore, main, mizzen, No. 4 and spanker; six-master, fore, main, mizzen, No. 4, No. 5 and spanker; seven-master, fore, main, mizzen, No. 4, No. 5. No. 6 and spanker,-Boston Globe.

NAME WANTED.

Just a word as to this statehood matter. We oband "Montezuma," because the abect to "Calizonia" breviations, "Cal," and "Mont," would conflict with abpreviations already in use. The names should be short begin with letters not now in use, namely: B. E. I. Q. X. Y and Z. For example, Quay, Zona or Vahoo wouldn't be bad. And we don't wish any easts or wests, N. M.'s or O. K.'s. Lastly, the names should lend themselves easily to rhyming and should be short enough to go into the first line of a newspaper heading. Now,