

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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The Chronicle is the Only Paper in The Dalles that Receives the Associated Press Dispatches.

THE GOVERNOR SOLID FOR THE DALLES PORTAGE.

The Chronicle is reliably informed that Governor Penneyer has written to Speaker Crisp asking him as a personal favor to use his utmost endeavor to have congress make an appropriation of \$360,000 for a portage railroad between The Dalles and Celilo, on the Oregon side. The governor urges that whatever money may be appropriated for the work on the locks, Eastern Oregon and Washington demands this appropriation first. The governor will supplement this effort by writing to the chairman of the river and harbor committee urging his cooperation in the same matter. Should these efforts fail the governor will do everything in his power to influence the next legislature to make the needed appropriation. The governor holds that the road ought to be built on the Oregon side, no matter who builds it and he has not a bit of faith in the Paul Mohr Scheme, holding that it would give the people no adequate relief from the control of the great transcontinental lines, even if it is not a scheme wholly in their interest as it is. It is almost needless to add that the governor considers the resolution of the Portland chamber of commerce to raise \$300,000 in Portland for the Paul Mohr road entirely and wholly wind and nothing else. It is also needless to say these efforts of the governor to procure an open river for Eastern Oregon will make him many friends in this quarter. The Chronicle entirely approves of the idea of insisting on an appropriation for the portage first. We want that even if we get nothing else. A portage between The Dalles and Celilo will afford immediate relief to the whole Inland Empire, whereas if the locks were finished tomorrow the people east of The Dalles would not be benefited a penny without the portage. But the governor should insist on a government appropriation of not less than half a million unless it be definitely ascertained beforehand just how much will be needed, and the work let by contract. We may add on the same authority that the governor is proud of the portage we already have. Its success has intensified his desire for one at the dalles.

Governor Penneyer's endorsement of Joe Simon for the federal judgeship won't raise him (Penneyer) any in the estimation of those who have been wont to regard him as a straight-forward incorruptible man. Penneyer is scratching Joe's back in return for some little scratching that Joe did for Penneyer some time ago.

When Peter the poet, of the Klamath Star goes after a man's scalp he can lift it as neatly as anyone we wot of. Referring to a fellowtownsman who had called him by an opprobrious name Peter says "He looks like an overloaded stomach trying to tear itself away from the nightmare."

No Hope for New Orleans.

New Orleans people are ambitious and sanguine. They are prophesying that their port will become the greatest shipping port of the country within the next ten years—greater even than New York. They say the producers in the northern states west of the Ohio river, and in the southern states west of the Alabama river have found out that they can ship grain, cotton and pork to Europe from New Orleans more cheaply than from any other port. A few days ago a committee of the Kansas Millers' association visited New Orleans to make arrangements for exporting Kansas flour to foreign countries by way of that port at the rate of 10,000,000 barrels a year.

Suggested Comment.

T. V. Powderly, chief of the Knights of Labor, is out in the North American Review in a strong article favoring free silver coinage.

The state board of equalization is hard at work. They have decided to invite the bankers, railroad men, and all taxpayers interested before them. Attorney General Chamberlain has also been asked to answer to the board some inquiries as to the law and its proper interpretation.—Salem Journal.

Incidents of Shepherd Life.

The following interesting paper was written by Master A. P. O'Leary, one of the pupils of the Wasco academy. I presume you know, or if you don't know I will tell you, that my father is, in a business sense, of the genus stockman and differentia sheepman. In other words, he is a grazer. I by no means intend to convey the impression that he himself is an herbivorous animal but that he derives his income from the care of such animals.

It may be well to explain here that in this section of the country sheep are kept in large flocks or bands of from fifteen hundred to two thousand each, and graze on the public domain; and not, as in most of the eastern states, in bunches, we would say, of fifty or a hundred which are kept in a pasture.

During the greater part of the year the sheep are kept on the prairie but during four or five months in summer and autumn they are taken to graze on the fresh feed in the mountains. Sometimes we have to drive them fifty or a hundred miles to the mountains. As it is in the mountains while driving that the life is most interesting, I will deal principally with these times.

We set out a packer, a herder and two or three dogs, with a band of sheep. If we wish to be particularly fierce looking we strap a pistol and a bowie knife around our waists.

We drive along the road, letting the sheep feed where there is an unenclosed space, and pretty soon we see a man coming as if he were "Sheridan, twenty miles away," and motioning wildly and shouting as though he were the commander of an invisible host, which was about to engage in battle. By the time he gets to us he is out of breath and mad enough to fight. He begins with "What do you mean by herding these sheep on here? Don't you know that this is my land? Get off of here as fast as you can, or I will have you arrested. You are trying to eat up all the grass a poor man has." Well, if we were greenhorns he might terrify us, but we soon become so used to it that it is an enjoyment and varies the monotony of the journey.

He says he is poor, and in that he tells the truth. He usually has about a section of land, a cow and three or four cayuses, or Indian ponies, but none of his land is under fence. We generally call them "land poor," because they have a lot of land and do not improve it. They will sell nothing to a sheepman and some will not keep you over-night if you have anything to do with sheep. Sometimes it is a woman who comes to greet us, and then it is worse than forty men, and we try to shift the task of meeting her upon each other's shoulders.

Then we come to a lane about thirty feet wide, with barb wire fences on either side. Usually, two wires and posts about four rods apart is the style of fence. The owners plant grain to within two or three feet of the fence and of course the sheep are bound to creep under the wire for a taste of the grain shoots. Then out comes the farmer with his dog, and the sheep are so anxious to get out that they do not think of creeping under the fence but rush against the fence and sometimes tear it down for several hundred yards.

At last we get to the mountains, but we often have trouble. About four years ago I was packing for a band up on Eight Mile creek, and when I returned to camp one day I found a notice there which read as follows: "We will give you just three days to leave, and if you are not gone by that time we will help you." The three days passed and we received no help. We found out that it was a woman who had written the notice, and on the last day her husband came up to our camp to buy half a mutton.

We have very good opportunities of hunting and fishing. We often kill deer and the bears and cougars are always bothering the sheep. One day I called a cougar, mistaking it for my dog.

I was herding this day for the herder had gone to town and he left his dog with me. The dog, which was yellow, went to camp towards evening. I was in a thicket when I saw something yellow and thinking it was the dog I began to call it. Soon seeing what it was, I tread him but was obliged to let him go as I left the gun in camp. Last summer I was herding in dark timber, when one day my sheep split and one part rushed by me. I went to the lead and saw a bear carrying off a lamb. When he saw me he disappeared over a hill but returned to carry off the lamb which I was obliged to kill as the bear had bitten it terribly.

A little later the same day I saw another not far distant which I fired at with an old pistol I had. Instead of retreating, he came straight on and as I could not depend on the pistol, and it was a cinnamon bear, I deemed it necessary to beat a hasty retreat. We set a gun by making a V shaped pen, open at the wide end. Across the open end we stretch a cord and fasten it to a lever which pulls the trigger of the gun. By this way we can often kill them when otherwise it would be impossible.

During the hot months we take the sheep close up to the mountain peaks. In packing we are compelled to cross glaciers and dangerous places.

One day I was crossing a glacier when it seemed as though the whole mass were moving, and I believe my hair stood on end for once. Another day I

was going for supplies and had three horses. As it is very hard to lead horses where there is no road, for convenience I tied one to the preceding ones tail. One of them was blind in one eye, and I shall always think there is something unlucky about a third horse. I was riding the blind one and coming to a dangerous place I got off to lead them. He thought he knew a better way and started off the trail. I stopped him and went back to untie the others, but he started on again and pulled the others on. One started to slide and coming to the end of its rope jerked the others. It was about a quarter of a mile to the bottom of the slope, and about two thirds of the way down, the snow had melted and left the rocks bare. Picture if you can the horses sliding on this icy slope, which was very much steeper than the toboggan slide, and striking these rocks they began to spin like rocks hurled through the air. When I got down, two of the horses were dead and two saddles were off, one being broken to splinters. It was several months before the other horse fully recovered. I do not think the memory of that night will soon be effaced from my mind. Another time my brother and another young fellow were crossing a glacier when the latter's horse fell into a crack and they had to leave him to freeze to death.

Life in a sheep camp is not the most pleasant imaginable. A herder must get up in the morning about four o'clock, cook his own breakfast, herd all day, and come home after dark, and cook his own supper or go to bed without.

During the summer we live in a tent, and cook out doors in rain or shine. Well I imagine I hear sighs of weariness and I guess you think you know enough about sheep-herding so I will close, and if any of you happen to be out in the mountains, call around and I will tell you more about it.

NOTICE.
All city warrants registered prior to February 1, 1890, will be paid if presented at my office. Interest ceases from and after this date.

The Dalles, Or., November 6, 1891
O. KINSLEY,
City Treasurer.

11-64.

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