

SAVED BY HIS WILL POWER

Details of the Loss and Finding of Norman C. Wilson in the Mountains of Arizona.

The Arizona Republican furnishes the following account of the loss and finding of Mr. N. C. Wilson, brother of Mrs. B. S. Huntington, of this city, who disappeared from a hunting camp in the mountains of Arizona some three weeks ago:

The party consisting of Dr. Wylie, Mr. Wilson, Allen James and George Lyke, had established a camp between the headwaters of east and west Clear Creeks, two streams flowing in opposite directions, the latter into the Verde and the former northward into a tributary of the Colorado. The Flagstaff road, a broad and well defined road, runs between them and parallel with them. The hunters had made excursions in the neighborhood, locating fishing places and likely hunting regions, but the hunting had not really begun. About 3 o'clock on Wednesday, August 15, George Lyke, the cook of the camp, came in and said he had seen a deer about a mile east or a little south of east of the camp. Mr. Wilson picked up his gun and taking a half dozen shells set out. He did not return at nightfall and even when he had not come at 11 o'clock there was no uneasiness for he is not as supposed a tenderfoot. Dr. Wylie, who has had a great deal of experience in hunting, said he was as wood-wise a man as he ever met, barring professional guides. His companions supposed he had missed his way and that if he had not wandered into one of the numerous horse, cow or hunting camps in the vicinity, he would return in the morning. However, they fired guns at intervals until midnight and were answered by firing from a camp a mile or two away.

On Thursday morning Mr. Wilson's friends resolved to wait until 10 o'clock before beginning a search for him. They grew impatient before that time and set out. The first information was brought them by a Mexican who said he had seen the tracks of a man on foot following a wounded bear about six miles

southeast of camp. It was subsequently discovered that the Mexican was lying. The party set out with six bloodhounds, but the dogs were unable to find a trail. On the following day the searchers discovered a trail in the canyon of East Clear creek. They judged from the fact that the trail led through a thick clump of bushes when there was a path around them, and brought up against the precipitous wall of the canyon, though there was a "draw" near by, that the tracks had been made in the night. They could be followed no further than the wall.

On the first day Dr. Wylie had offered \$25 for the discovery of Mr. Wilson; the third day he offered \$100. Wilson stock was rising rapidly, but hope was sinking rapidly. The doctor took sixteen men on horseback and stationing them 100 feet apart, directed them to search the country thoroughly. They were looking for a dead or an injured man and it was necessary that every foot of the region should be inspected. He also gave two men \$25 to make a wide circuit in search of a trail and to visit all the camps within a radius of five miles. Notwithstanding the four days of constant search and inquiry, broken by sleepless nights, Mr. Wilson's companions never found him, for he found himself.

MR. WILSON'S STORY.

Mr. Wilson said that when he left camp he expected to return at nightfall. He went to the locality where Mr. Lyke said he had seen a deer and found one after traveling about two and a half miles south. He shot it, wounding it and then for the first time noticed that night was rapidly coming on. It came with a rush and all landmarks were quickly obscured. Mr. Wilson remembered that he had gone east from the camp, but forgetting that the deer had drawn him south he started straight west and passed the camp two and a half miles south. He came to a place where he made a descent of eight or ten feet at every step and wisely concluded to camp for the night lest his steps should grow fatally long. He was then near the bottom of the Canyon of West Clear creek. At daylight he perceived his whereabouts, but was ignorant of the precise direction of the camp. He had been fishing a day or two before in the creek, farther down, he thought, because there was no water where he was then. He started down the stream and traveled a half day, when he found himself between perpendicular walls a hundred feet high. He retraced his

steps to his camping place, reaching it at night. This was Thursday night. He had killed a deer in the canyon, but not being very hungry he decided not to waste one of his seven matches cooking a part of it. He reasoned that a time might come when he would be hungrier. The next morning he set out again with the object of finding the Flagstaff road. To find the camp would then be easy. He shot a squirrel, cooked and ate half of it, and carried the rest with him. At length he came to a place where he seemed to be hemmed in on all sides by unscalable walls. He had traveled so long that he was afraid he might not be able to find his way back to the place where he had entered the canyon; beside, he did not want to camp in the same place so often, fearing he would wear out his welcome. He found cow signs and reasoned that cattle having been there must have got out. He followed the signs into a well developed trail and found his way out. He had eaten the other half of the squirrel, and that evening he shot another, but shot half of it away. He ate the rest greedily.

THE SUFFERING BEGINS.

To this point Mr. Wilson had been reasonably comfortable. He had not permitted himself to get scared. He had water in the canyon and food, though not in great quantity and variety. He would have been uncomfortable if he had known that he would neither eat nor drink within the next twenty-four hours. This was Friday night. On Saturday morning Mr. Wilson came upon a road which he believed was the Flagstaff road. He traveled along it until he came to a signboard which informed him that it was twenty miles to Verde. He knew then that he was not on the Flagstaff road. He made up his mind to go to Verde. There were people and water and life there. Every other direction so far as he was concerned led into the vast unknown, into eternity and death.

He was clear headed enough to doubt whether he could reach Verde, for his hunger and thirst had become terrific. He tried to shoot a cow, but was so weak he could not aim accurately. He then started in a methodical way upon his doubtful journey. He resolved to save his strength and keep down a dangerous longing for water by resting twenty minutes of every hour. After a while he left the weight of his useless gun, and hiding it by the roadside, he carved his name upon a tree near by, carved under it the word, "Gone," and an index finger pointing to the where it was hidden. After a while the deadliness of his thirst began to oppress him. He began to see strange things at the roadside and was inclined to break into a run for somewhere, he did not know. But he restrained himself and during his resting spells forced himself to think of pleasanter things than thirst on an Arizona desert. He resolved to waste no time hunting for water. He had no time to waste, for his hours were few unless he got to Verde. He saw more and more things and though he had no thought of giving up, he fully understood his danger and as accurately as possible counted the chances against him. He even made provision against the worst. He resolved that he would never leave the road; if he did not reach Verde, his body would be found on the way there. He even went into the ghastly detail of taking \$50 from his pocket and putting it into the lining of his hat, intending when the worst came to lay his hat in the road and crawl off a long distance from it so that when the coyotes or other wild beasts tore his body and clothes to pieces, persons traveling that way would find the hat and thus learn to whom the scattered bones and fragments of cloth had belonged.

But Mr. Wilson's resolution and forethought carried him into Verde, where he arrived on Saturday night. The next morning he set out on horseback for the hunting camp under the direction of a guide. He got in on Sunday night. His companions had had one day more of anxiety than he.

The O. R. & N. Co. will run a special train from The Dalles to Portland on Thursday, September 6th, to accommodate visitors to the Elks' carnival. The train will leave The Dalles at 8 a. m. Fare for round trip tickets, good for three days, not including day of sale, \$2.00.



In this sale are included—
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Notice our east window; see the many styles of Boys' and Children's good, well-made Suits—and there are plenty more upstairs. Suits that will give their full-measure of honest wear for every cent you expend in the buying; and our guarantee goes with every suit (short pants) worth \$2.50 or more, and with every long-pants suit worth \$5.00 or over. This guarantee is good for a new suit—or your money back, if not as represented.

During this Sale

Regular \$2.00 Suits will go at	\$1.50
Regular 2.50 Suits will go at	1.83
Regular 3.00 Suits will go at	2.25
Regular 3.50 Suits will go at	2.63
Regular 4.00 Suits will go at	3.00
Regular 5.00 Suits will go at	3.75
Regular 6.00 Suits will go at	4.50
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Regular 10.00 Suits will go at	7.50

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NEXT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

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Outbreak in Bohol.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—The war department today received the following dispatch from General MacArthur:

"Manila, Sept. 3.—Adjutant-General, Washington: General Hughes reports an outbreak in Bohol. First Lieutenant Lovok, Forty-fourth Volunteer Infantry, reports an engagement near Carmen. At Bohol our loss in killed was one, wounded six; the enemy's loss in killed was 120. Have not received further details. MACARTHUR.

Bohol is an island in the southern part of the archipelago, 305 miles from Manila. It lies north of the large island of Mindanao and is not far from Cuba.

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Many thousands have been restored to health and happiness by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. If afflicted with any throat or lung trouble, give it a trial for it is certain to prove beneficial. Coughs that have resisted all other treatment for years, have yielded to this remedy and perfect health been restored. Cases that seemed hopeless, that the climate of famous health resorts failed to benefit, have been permanently cured by its use. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

Arthur Sewall Dying.

BATH, Me., Sept. 3.—Arthur Sewall democratic candidate for vice-president in 1896, is in a critical condition at his summer home at Small Point, sixteen miles from this city. Mr. Sewall was seized with an attack of apoplexy at 10 o'clock last night, and has been unconscious most of the time since then.

BATH, Me., Sept. 4—12:30 a. m.—The condition of Arthur Sewall was unchanged at midnight. He had not regained consciousness, and it was stated by the physicians that there was absolutely no hope for his recovery. His death is expected at any moment, and he probably will not come out of the stupor in which he has lain since stricken. The family is about the bedside awaiting the end.



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