

THE OREGON SCOUT.

AMOS K. JONES EDITOR.

City and County Official Paper.

Thursday, Dec. 12, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

REPUBLICANS throughout the state anxiously await announcements from Washington which are expected daily.

JEFFERSON DAVIS died at his home in New Orleans on the 6th inst. The entire south is in mourning over the event.

Our Summerville correspondent is notified that we are investigating the matter concerning which he makes enquiries, and will give the result to our readers in due time.

WE are indebted to Hon. J. H. Mitchell for a bound volume containing the proceedings of the Fiftieth Congress, with complete reports of the heads of the various departments. It is a book valuable for reference.

WE give our readers President Harrison's message this week, in the form of a supplement. They can judge of it for themselves. The president appears to us like a man whose mind is unsettled on the subjects he discusses and who is undecided which course is best to pursue.

As the coming of the Hunt road is now a settled fact it would be well enough to decide at once where the depot is to be located. Early next spring a vast amount of building will be in progress, and many projectors of enterprises will want the matter settled so that they may act intelligently in their choice of business locations.

WE are informed on what appears to us to be pretty reliable authority, that the O. R. & N. Company are making arrangements to move their road from the mountain side west of here to the east side of Pyle's canyon, by way of Union, and that the preliminary work will be commenced in a short time. It would certainly be a wise move on the part of that company, and Union will not object to it in the least. The more roads we can get to center at Union the better. It is said that the line will swing pretty well down the valley and go by way of Island City to La Grande, thus obviating the necessity for a branch from that place. This will make Island a very prominent point.

THE future of Union is now settled. It is destined to be the most important town in Eastern Oregon. Its location and natural advantages will warrant any one in this conclusion. Situated in the exact center of one of the richest counties in the state, surrounded by a vast area of agricultural, stock-raising and mineral lands, supplied with unlimited water power, with two important and competing railroad lines converging here, it will only be a very short time till it will assume astonishing proportions. Already the impetus consequent on the certainty of a glorious future is being felt and the advance movement has commenced. It is very seldom you will find a man desirous of selling any of his property in Union, but there are numbers who are now anxious to buy. Property, however, is not held at unreasonable figures, and we have no hesitancy in saying that there is not a better place in the state of Oregon for the investment of capital than Union. Those who are wise enough to grasp the situation will not be slow in taking advantage of the opportunities now offered for making paying investments.

OREGON TIMBER LANDS.

An important question affecting the right of married women in the state of Oregon to take timber lands under the United States timber act of June 3, 1878, is now being considered, and will soon be decided by the secretary of the interior. The late commissioner of the general land office, Mr. Stockslager, decided that married women in Oregon could not take up land under that act, basing his decision wholly on the ground of the provisions of the Oregon statutes in relation to the rights of married women in reference to holding and transferring real estate. An appeal from this ruling was taken to the secretary, the appellant being Delilah Stuckle. The case in the ordinary course would not have been reached for over a year, but as many married women in Oregon have made application to purchase under this act, United States Senator Mitchell moved that Secretary Noble advance the Stuckle case, which has been done. Mr. Mitchell regards the decision of Stockslager as wholly untenable.

PRE-EMPTION LAW REPEALED.

A Bismarck (Dak.) dispatch of the 15th inst. says: The point was informally raised to-day by F. M. Dudley, of the legal department of the Northern Pacific railway, in the United States land office, that the pre-emption law has been repealed by the act of congress providing for the admission of the new states. It looks as if it was intended to repeal the eighth section of the act of 1841 as to the donation of 500,000 acres of public land to the new states for public improvements, but the text includes not only the repeal of the section but of the whole law. The land department has not had its attention called to it yet, but it is certain that the commissioner will be called upon for an opinion, and if this opinion is adverse the question will be carried into the courts. The repeal referred to has also decided a very large number of cases where the Northern Pacific Railway Company is party. If the law is repealed all pre-emption filings where the final proof has not been made, are defeated. This necessarily involves the rights of every pre-emptor who has not proved up in the four states.

A TALE OF THE "EARLY DAYS."

Squire Jones Tells Some of His Experiences in '32—How the Chinook and the Flood Were Brought Just When They Were Needed.

A correspondent of the East Oregonian, writing from Weston, repeats the following story of the early days of Oregon told by one of the first settlers. It is quite interesting to us, as the raconteur is the father of the editor of THE SCOUT. We republish it, as it will serve to recall those early days to many old timers. The correspondent says:

"On a former occasion I referred to Weston's most happy raconteur, W. R. Jones, and his inexhaustible fund of pioneer reminiscences. By your leave I will give your readers one of the Squire's stories of the early times in Oregon as related to-day to that choice coterie of friends, who may usually be found gathered about the postoffice stove, and who have gained the appellation of the 'postoffice club.'"

The old gentleman was among the first settlers in the state, having settled in Lane county in 1851 or '52. After securing a donation claim he settled down, and for several years enjoyed the extreme privations that all the pioneers endured in those halcyon days. I used the word "enjoyed" advisedly, for I have never met one of those old folks who did not tell with pride of the time when they were obliged to live on parched wheat and hominy made of the same cereal. The Squire, however, was not one of the number who subsisted on this scanty fare long, as he soon after his arrival in this country, constructed a flouring mill; a primitive affair, turned by a water-wheel, but of sufficient capacity to grind a coarse quality of flour, and supply what was certainly a "long felt want" at that time. (By the way, it was the third mill of the kind erected in the state.) At this period there were several tribes of Indians still roaming through the valley who were frequently troublesome and always a source of annoyance to the white settlers; but the Squire relates that his standing among them was excellent, owing to his ability to make the much prized "shapalal," which he was sometimes compelled to donate to them or see them perish from starvation during the unusually scarcity of food among them. He mentions the fact, however, that when he first settled on his claim he averted a serious row and a possible eviction by buying off the prior claimant, giving him an old pair of pantaloons, a vest, and a hatful of bran for the same. Be it said to the honor of old Sposes Jim that he never adverted to his former rights, and the Squire enjoyed peaceful possession and remained until he was dispossessed by a man with a bagful of money.

But to the old gentleman's story: He says that the winter of '53 was an extremely severe one, and the Indians were upon the verge of starvation. The white settlers were not in a much better condition, but they managed to keep him grinding wheat a good portion of the time, and he doled out the bran and shorts to his savage neighbors, gaining their eternal gratitude and disagreeable presence for his pains. The snow lay deep on the ground, adding greatly to the discomfort of the miserable Indians as they were unable to hunt for game, and a council was held to devise ways and means out of their difficulty. The same old "Sposes Jim," who had sold the squire his birthright for a hatful of bran, lived some miles down the river. He had a tremendous reputation among the Indians for his power of producing a chinook, but the old rascal was a regu-

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lar Jay Gaud in his monopolistic proclivities, and generally managed to break the whole tribe by his extortionate demands for such services. Their condition in this instance was desperate, however, and the sacrifice must be made. Blankets, robes and shot guns were piled up before the great conjurer until he was satisfied, and he began his incantations in a large tent prepared for the occasion. He beat his drum and chanted his chant all the first day, but the south wind he told his employers was yet far away. All the succeeding nights, without food or drink, he kept up the pow-wow, when "next morning I'll be dinged and hope I may never stir, if the chinook didn't begin to blow, and the snow was all gone before night," relates the Squire. Of course the Squire knew that the chinook would have been there just the same, but as was natural, old Sposes added greatly to his reputation among the Indians by his apparent success.

The winter wore away, and the Squire continued to grind with his mill, retailing the flour he made for \$20 per sack to his neighbors. As I have related, the motor power of his mill was water, and it happened that during the summer there was a scarcity of that fluid in the little stream, and the mill was running on an extremely short time. One day the Squire was worse down on his luck than usual, owing to the fact that he had some large grists in the mill and no water to grind them with, when an old Indian approached. This old fellow the Squire had nicknamed "Simon Girty," and was a sort of favorite of his.

He often twitted him for allowing old Sposes to gull him out of his gun the preceding winter, the loss of which Girty had keenly now that game was to be procured with it. But he justified the act by reminding the Squire that the ax he disappeared through the medicine man's incantations, and the tribe was saved from starvation. "Well Jim," said he, "you

see the creek is dry and I can't run my mill; make it rain and I will give you a sack of flour." "Me wake monke chuck," old Simon replied, "but me go git Sposes." He left the mill, and the Squire thought no more of the circumstance. The succeeding night a sudden storm arose and the rain descended in torrents, raising the creek and starting the mill wheel to turning merrily. The old man in his anxiety to utilize its every revolution arose during the night and filled his hoppers, and soon the white treasure was filling his bins. While thus busily engaged he was astonished upon looking around to see Simon Girty standing, sack in hand, with a self-satisfied look on his dark face.

"What in the nation are you after this time o' night?" asked the astonished Squire. "Spose me make him chuck chare, me come ketchum flour," replied Simon Girty. The old gentleman says he filled his sack without a word, and to this day, if he is living, he no doubt thinks that he earned justly his precious fee. He informed the Squire afterwards that he had some doubts at first of his ability to make the rain come, but thought he would try once before he went for Sposes, and to his delight found that his cantations were successful. He afterwards became a most successful medicine man in his now extinct tribe.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Illinois, makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her that she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Price trial bottles of this Great Discovery at R. H. Brown's drug store, large bottles 50 cts. and \$1.00.

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