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*Buy advertising space because rates are low—generally the circulation is a sight lower. Circulation determines the value of advertising; there is no other standard. The Gazette is willing to abide by it.*

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER.

# Heppner Gazette.

TENTH YEAR HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1892. WEEKLY NO. 468. SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 530.

**CIRCULATION MAKSE**

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SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED

Tuesdays and Fridays

—BY—

THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ALVAH W. PATTERSON.....Bus. Manager.
OTIS PATTERSON.....Editor

At $3.00 per year, $1.50 for six months, $1.00 for three months; if paid for in advance $2.50.

*Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.*

The "EAGLE," of Long Creek, Grant County Oregon, is published by the same company every Friday morning. Subscription price, $2 per year. For advertising rates, address ORIN L. PATTERSON, Editor and Manager, Long Creek, Oregon, or "Gazette," Heppner, Oregon.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Dake's Advertising Agency, 64 and 65 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, California, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

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No. 10, mixed leaves Heppner 8:20 a. m.
" 10, " ar. at Arlington 11:50 a.m.
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" 9, " ar. at Heppner 7:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.
East bound, main line ar. at Arlington 3:50 p. m.
West " " leaves " 4:20 p. m.
Night trains are running on same time as before.

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Stage leaves for Monument daily, except Sunday, at 6:30 A. M.
Arrives—daily, except Monday, at 5:00 P. M.

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Vice-President.....Levi P. Morton
Secretary of State.....John W. Foster
Secretary of Treasury.....Charles Foster
Secretary of Interior.....J. W. Noble
Secretary of War.....Stephen B. Elkins
Secretary of Navy.....B. F. Tracy
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State of Oregon.

Governor.....S. Pennoyer
Secretary of State.....G. W. McBride
Treasurer.....Phil. Metschan
Supt. Public Instruction.....E. B. McElroy
Senators.....J. H. Mitchell, J. N. Dolph
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Supreme Judges.....F. A. Moore, W. P. Lord, R. S. Bean

Seventh Judicial District.

Circuit Judge.....W. L. Bradshaw
Prosecuting Attorney.....W. H. Wilson

Morrow County Officials.

Joint Senator.....Henry Blackman
Representative.....J. N. Brown
County Judge.....Julius Keithly
" Commissioners.....Peter Brenner, J. M. Baker.
" Clerk.....J. W. Morrow
" Sheriff.....Geo. Noble.
" Treasurer.....W. J. Leezer
" Assessor.....B. L. Shaw
" Surveyor.....Isa Brown
" School Sup't.....W. L. Saling
" Coroner.....T. W. Ayers, Jr

HEPPNER TOWN OFFICERS.

Mayor.....T. J. Matlock
Councilmen.....O. E. Farnsworth, M Lichtenthal, Otis Patterson, S. P. Garrigues, Thos. Morgan and Frank Gilliam.
Recorder.....A. A. Roberts.
Treasurer.....E. G. Slocum
Marshal.....J. W. Rasmus.

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Constable.....J. J. Roberts

United States Land Officers.

THE DALLES, OR.

J. W. Lewis.....Register
T. S. Lang.....Receiver

LA GRANDE, OR.

A Cleaver.....Register
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Doric Lodge No. 20 K. of P. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in their Castle Hall, National Bank building. Sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend. H. SCHERNIKOW, C. C.
E. R. SWINBURNE, K. of R. & S. tf

RAWLINS POST, NO. 31.

G. A. R.

Meets at Lexington, Or., the last Saturday of each month. All veterans are invited to join.
C. C. Boon, Adjutant. Geo. W. Smith, Commander. tf

PROFESSIONAL.

A. A. ROBERTS, Real Estate, Insurance and Collections. Office in Council Chambers, Heppner, Or. swtf.

Where?

At Abrahamsick's. In addition to his tailoring business, he has added a fine line of underwear of all kinds, negligee shirts, hosiery, etc. Also has on hand some elegant patterns for suits. A. Abrahamsick, May street, Heppner, Or.

Coffin & McFarland have just received a car load of Mitchell Wagons, Hacks, etc., and have also a large supply of farming implements of all kinds. s

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FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 1yr

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This offer is made to any of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance, and to any new subscribers who will pay one year in advance. The AMERICAN FARMER enjoys a large national circulation, and ranks among the leading agricultural papers. By this arrangement it COSTS YOU NOTHING to receive the AMERICAN FARMER for one year. It will be to your advantage to call promptly. Sample copies can be seen at our office.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

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Is the line to take

**To all Points East and South.**

It is the Dining Car Route. It runs Through Vestibuled Trains every day in the year to

**St. Paul and Chicago**

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Composed of DINING CARS unsurpassed, PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS Of Latest Equipment

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Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first or second-class tickets, and

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A Continuous Line connecting with all Lines, affording Direct and Uninterrupted Service.

*Pullman Sleeper Reservations can be Secured in advance through any agent of the road.*

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To and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket office of this Company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent.
*No. 121 First St., Cor. Washington, PORTLAND OREGON*

The Original

**Webster's Unabridged DICTIONARY.**

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above book, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and old, educated and ignorant, rich and poor, should have it within reach, and refer to its contents every day in the year.

As some have asked if this is really the Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we are able to state we have learned direct from the publishers the fact, that this is the very work complete on which about forty of the best years of the author's life were so well employed in writing. It contains the entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words, including the correct spelling, derivation and definition of same, and is the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth half morocco and sheep.

Until further notice we will furnish this valuable Dictionary—

First—To any new subscriber.

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Full Cloth bound, gilt side and back stamps marbled edges $1.00.

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Fifty cents added in all cases for expressage to Heppner.

As the publishers limit the time and number of books they will furnish at the low prices, we advise all who desire to avail themselves of this great opportunity to attend to it at once.

**FREE TO THE AFFLICTED.**

All who are suffering from the effects of Youthful Errors, Loss of Manhood, Failing Powers, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis and the many troubles which are the effects of these terrible disorders will receive, FREE OF CHARGE, *full directions how to treat and cure themselves at home* by writing to the CALIFORNIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INFIRMARY, 1029½ Market Street, San Francisco, California. 465-1y.

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scrofulous humor in the blood, ulcers, catarrh, and consumption, use

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

The most economical, safe, speedy, and effective of all blood-purifiers.

Has Cured Others will cure you.

**The Celebrated French Cure,**

Warranted to cure "APHRODITINE" or money refunded.

IS SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration Nocturnal Emission, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1.00 a box, 6 boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every $5.00 order, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APHRODITINE. Circular free. Address

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Sold in Heppner by Slocum-Johnston Drug Co

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**GENUINE AND ORIGINAL.**

The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment, that of Drs. Starkey & Palen, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

It has been in use for more than twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommend it—a very significant fact.

The great success of our treatment has given rise to a host of imitators, unscrupulous persons, some calling their preparations Compound Oxygen, often appropriating our testimonials and the names of our patients, to recommend worthless concoctions. But any substance made elsewhere by others, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a book of 200 pages published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in a number of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed to any address on application.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,
*1529 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Penna.*
Please mention this paper. 514-53t. w.

**SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.**

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**Tutt's Tiny Pills**

To cure constipation purging the bowels should be avoided; it weakens their power of motion. A gentle aperient effect is only required. Tutt's Tiny Liver Pills are prepared with special views to the permanent cure of

COSTIVENESS and HEADACHE.

They are mild and remain in the system until they act on the liver, cause a natural flow of bile and their tonic properties impart power to the bowels to remove unhealthy accumulations. Good appetite and digestion result from the use of these little pills. Price, 25c. Office, 39 to 44 Murray St., N. Y.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1877.

Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Light Brahmas, Rose and Single Comb Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Houdans and Silver Spangled Hamburgs.

**1,000 YOUNG FOWLS**

Ready for Delivery.

*BOOK YOUR ORDERS FOR CHOICE SELECTIONS.*

**My Fowls have no Superior.**

I GUARANTEE SATISFACTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER.

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Tried For 20 Years!

**DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.**

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

## FARM AND GARDEN

GARDEN MARKERS.

**Improved Implements That Can Be Made on the Farm.**

The old fashioned garden marker which one has to pull over the ground is not satisfactory. If one wants to see what one is doing with one of them it is necessary to go backward, like a river crab; with a marker that is to be pushed the operator can keep the direction much easier, and see whether he makes straight marks or crooked ones.

The roller marker is all right. Any light garden roller will do, even if made

PUSH MARKERS.

rather roughly out of a piece of oak or chestnut log, say three feet long and a foot or so in diameter. Stretch a clothesline across (or, better, two, to make two marks at once), and then roll the roller along over them. This makes good marks for setting plants, etc., and you can make them perfectly straight in this manner, a task not quite so easy with the ordinary marker. Still, it will do well enough if pieces of rope are fastened around the roller, the required distance apart, one for each mark.

Two more styles of push markers are also illustrated in Farm and Fireside, from which we quote. The simplest of these and most quickly made is shown in Fig. 1. Take three pieces of board, say fifteen inches long, rounded off sleigh runner fashion; have them the proper distance apart; nail a piece across the top on the straight side and fasten a handle as shown. This is easily pushed ahead and will make a good mark.

A barrow marker is shown in Fig. 2. The illustration makes an explanation unnecessary. Have the teeth slanting slightly backward. One great advantage of the roller marker is that you can make cross marks at the same time. Simply nail pieces of rope or clothesline lengthwise of the roller at the desired distances, between the pieces fastened around the roller. The roller thus arranged is shown in Fig. 3.

VARIETIES ARE FIXED.

**Apparent Modification and Deterioration Considered.**

Much is said of the deterioration of varieties, caused, it is claimed, by incorrect propagation. Every practical student in horticulture knows there is nothing in it. There is no such thing as deterioration of any variety of tree or plant from different modes of propagation. The peculiarities of all varieties of trees are fixed for all time in the ovaries of the flower in which the seed producing the variety was matured. When pollination is completed and the embryo seed well started in growth, thenceforth its variety is fixed. No power known on this earth can change it in the least.

For instance, the Bartlett pear is one of the oldest varieties in cultivation, yet we find it today exactly the same as it was when it matured its first fruit. It has not changed in the least minute particular; and if one could live and experiment with it a hundred or more years by grafting it on the twenty or more species on which it can be made to grow, and budding it, and growing it from cuttings of its wood or roots, or reproducing the trees in any other possible way, he would in the end have the same old Bartlett pear. Varieties may, and do, wear out, and deteriorate in particular soils and climate. Such deterioration is due to the nature of the soil, climate or other causes, and not to a deterioration of the plant or tree itself. Carry a portion of it, such as bud or graft or small tree to a different country with soil and climate adapted and where the variety had not been grown before, and it will flourish as finely as ever and be exactly the same.

These thoughts are suggested by reading an article in The American Garden by R. M. Kellogg of Michigan on the deterioration of the old Wilson strawberry. Such papers read very nicely though there may not be one word of truth in the whole argument, which is the case in the paper referred to so far as that strawberry is concerned. The genuine Wilson strawberry is just as good or bad, perfect or imperfect, productive or non-productive today as it was the day it produced its first fruit. All plants of it in existence are a part of the original. It may wear out but nothing can change its original characteristics. That it has not deteriorated in the least is readily proved by its crop each year. The secret of the supposed deterioration as I found it in twenty-five years cultivation of the variety lies in the fact that it is a great variety to produce seedlings. These come up in neglected plantations after the first year. Many of these seedlings look like the true Wilson. No one would be able to distinguish all the seedlings from the true plant. Most of these seedlings make runners or stolens much more abundantly than the mother plant and many of them having greater size and vigor will soon smother all the originals out. Therefore a bed planted with Wilsons and then neglected for five years probably would not have one pure Wilson plant left. It would simply be a bed of seedlings with perhaps thousands of varieties as has been the case in many instances. Therefore Mr. Kellogg's pedigree plants, grown from labeled, highly cultivated, plants, are simply the old genuine Wilson. Or it is barely possible as may have been the case with Mr. Smith, a seedling nearly exactly like the old true Wilson, but a little better, has been saved for a breeder. Varieties do not change except rarely from fruiting by being pollinated by another variety. Seed alone will rarely produce change except by bud variation. D. B. W.

## COL. J. W. REDINGTON.

What E. V. Smalley, of The Northwest Magazine Finds, From His Pen.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH THE HOSTILES

**Couldn't Make a Dicker With Buffalo Horn—In The Hostile Camp—Offered a Job as War Correspondent.**

From the Northwest Magazine.

[CONCLUDED.]

My saddle, with its gaudy pair of red blankets, was an elegant leather mounted affair presented by the Walbridge-Dutton Sheep, Land & Hoss Company, incorporated, as an inducement to leave the country and thus save from destruction a dozen old bare vested sheep who very properly feared malpractice in shearing.

Hard riding for a few days of twenty four hours each brought me into the heart and stomach of the beautiful Blue Mountains, and just as the hoot-owls and bluebels were tolling the midnight hour I discovered a large lodge-pole trail of a hostile war party.

It was naturally dark in those eternal woods, and the odor of ink was intensified by the prevailing pitch on the surrounding Christmas bushes, which are almost always green. With my usual woodcraft I avoided letting the trail discover me until I had my war-horse's feet full upon it, and then it could not rise up and walk away. Escape was impossible.

Shortly after, single-handed and alone, I surrounded the hostile camp, consisting of 600 warriors, 185 dogs, 2,000 horses and 300 women and children. The camp lay in a blaze of electric lights furnished by four pitch-pine logs standing eighty feet high. Some of the Indians rested on their arms, some on their elbows and some snored loudly while resting on their stomachs.

After having my horse curried and fed grain and hay at one of the livery stables of the village I squatted on the seat of my overalls and watched a big game of steamboat poker, in which the well-known Piute fish horn gambler, Paddy Cepps, was fleecing twenty other Injuns out of the hard earned wages they had saved up since going on the war path.

A hostile camp in the middle of the night is both wild and weird, and the scalps hanging from the lower limbs of the trees sadly sigh in the night wind for the heads they used to cover.

Pretty soon Chief Eagan came out of his elegant marquee made of coyote hides and bulrush skins, and greeted me kindly. I told him I was sorry to find him again on the warpath, after he had assured me only a year before, while we were hunting antelope around Hossrook mountains that he would never go to war again. He pathetically told how the Fort Hall Indians had incited his people to war; that he opposed it, but was overruled; he was hereditary war chief, and had to lead whenever the majority got ready to follow; he would lead them till he died, and give them their stomachs full of fighting before they got through with it.

A council was then called of the leading editors and publishers of the tribe. We squatted around the ragged edge of a saddle blanket, placing our plug hats in the center. I asked for Buffalo Horn, but was informed he had died two days before, having been shot at South Mountain in the Owyhee, while leading a charge against Harper's volunteers, who had come out from Silver City under one of the New York publishers who happened to be there selling some books.

Chief Orts then took the floor, and as his stenographer recorded with his typewriter every word as it fell, he went on to say: "For 800 years last past we have fought our way through the world and have made a live of it along the Malheur. Ten years ago Colonel Meacham and One Arm Brown gave us the Malheur Reservation. They kep their promises with us, and Sam Parrish, as agent, has spent as high as $6,000,000 a year on us. He has held feasts where he gave us six doughnuts apiece all around, and every mother's son of us got two blankets and an umbrella. Parrish was a good man, and Captain Bendire at Camp Harney, was a good man. But the Washington City men gave us to Major Rhinecart, who, in the past year, has given us not over $2,000,000 worth of flour and no doughnuts. He has misrepresented us to the world by printing in his department reports that 'our question was settled—the Piute will work.' We repudiate what he says of us. Instead of giving us flour and pure Price baking powder he told us to go to the river and catch fish when he well knew that the salmon would not bite. I have spoken." No one dared to dispute the truth of the last sentence.

I then ordered a sub-chief to unload from my saddle-pockets 2,000 hand-mirrors and 16,000 fresh fried doughnuts that I had brought along from Heppner. When these presents were distributed everybody felt better.

I then offered the tribe $500,000 in cash and the whole state of Massachusetts with all the baked beans then growing there for a reservation, also part of Rhode Island for a hunting ground if they would discontinue the war. After a long parley they the proposition was accepted by Professor Jim, the minister of finance and bell-wether of the pack-train. I gave them a quit-claim deed to their new reservation and counted out their money.

But the whole tribe with one voice refused to take paper money and demanded silver. I counted out before them all the silver I had along, and showed them that its total was but $400,000. It was no use. They must have $500,000 in silver or nothing and the war would go on. Too many of them had had $10 bills passed on them for $100 bills in their dealings with the white man, they said.

I stuck inside my shirt for future reference a typewriter copy of the proceedings and jogged along, Sallie Winnemucca's niece putting me up a fine lunch of cold pumpkin pie made out of choke cherries.

This is unwritten history.

***

There was an Indian named Tom Bell in the outfit with whom I had much influence. Several times when we were hunting in the rough Malheur, he had been fool enough to obey me when I ordered him to run down mountain sheep afoot. He was now acting as secretary of the navy for the tribe and could I have had an audience with him I could have got him to stop the war. But he was confined to his room by indisposition. Only three days before his cook had made a clerical error by putting coal oil instead of vanilla into the ice cream and Tom had eaten heartily of it. Next morning he left a posthole note on the kitchen stove telling the cook that the best of friends must part, etc., enclosing back salary due and advising the cook to join his company or else become dog-robber for some enemy.

Before going Chief War-Jack said that if I would, within three days, deposit to his order the $500,000 in silver with Hugh McQuaid, the pioneer miner at Susanville, well known to be an honest man the war would cease.

I jogged along. At about daylight, in behalf of the people of the whole Northwest, I telegraphed the Secretary of the Interior that his Indians were shooting at us, and advising him to take whatever action he saw fit in the matter.

Two days after I ran against Colonel F. J. Parker, who, all alone, was driving a band of Weiser Indians ahead of him.

He had cut them off from the main war party, and said that as soon as he hived them at Fort Walla Walla he would return and join me.

Then several battles ensued, and Chief Egan was shot near the Meachain road by Umapine's Umatilla's.

One day I met Sampson, a Malheur Indian who was stone blind, coming in under a flag of truce. He complained to me that the soldiers were violating the 347th article of war, and that in all his experience he had never seen soldiers do so before.

I immediately telegraphed the complaint to General Sherman asking what I should do, and to this day I have never received an answer.

Then the fight went on again. Captain Bendire and Captain Miles, with their mixed outfit of troopers and doughboys, defeated the hostiles at Cayuse station, and so effectually protected that point that the scouts found a nice mess of setting hens in the barn to stay their stomachs next day.

I did not like the looks of the soldiers' tents at Cayuse, so I ordered forty ton of clean sand to floor them with, paying for it with my personal check on the fth Fifth National Bank of Wallula. Then the long chase toward the Malheur began. On the rough north fork of John Day the Indians fixed an ambush and poured a hot fire into the advance scouts. The accidental discharge of Jack Gallagher's carbine prevented a massacre, so only Scout Frohman was killed and a few others wounded. An Indian named Bully Krick Bill shot a chunk of railroad iron at me from the mouth of his old Yager rifle, and I had him court martialed for it at the close of the campaign. It came end over end, buzzing like a saw-mill, and penetrated six inches into the log behind which I was squatting. So Bill was also prosecuted for defacing Government timber.

I directed General Forsythe to detach the gallant Lieutenant Pitcher with Colonel Bernard's troop dismounted and flank the enemy. This was done to my entire satisfaction as will be seen by report of the affair to the Secretary of War soon after. The boys clambered up an awfully rough mountain and finally drove off the Indians.

Father Conradi, who afterward went to sacrifice himself among the lepers, lost thirty pounds of flesh that day in profuse perspiration. He went down the mountain in the face of a murderous fire and climbed up again with six canteens of welcome water for the wounded, burning up with fever and famishing with thirst. A wounded man of but twenty barrels capacity will drink forty barrels of water at one sitting if you let him, and still not burst off the hoops.

The good father had a good chance to cool off the following night, when the fall frosts nipped and bit us on Desolation Meadows, an elevated place where tomatoes rarely ripen unless packed in cans. Shivering scouts were the rule that night.

About this time I addressed to soldiers on the march 70,000 copies of a typewriter circular issued in the field and fully advising them how to conquer grayback. In the general orders I issued after the successful termination of this battle I highly commended the gallantry of Major Hunter, Lieutenant Pitcher, Rube Robbins and Cutmouth John. Also several other Injuns who telegraphed their regrets at not being able to be present.

But to continue this controversy would be to invite, perhaps challenge criticism; so let the wild rides over Ironsides Mountain, the Greenhorn Range and the Owyhees speak for themselves.

The fact that I captured all the hostiles, and under the branching boughs of a drumhead court-martial sentenced them to thirty days at Butte, has been forgotten. The Smithsonian Institute reports highly complimented me on my successful management of the campaign, and advised that I continue the business.

Many of the most beautiful passages in this poem will be news to men mentioned, but any contradictions they may make can not catch up with the statements herein made, which are bound to get a few weeks the start.

Had I written this history shortly after it transpired it might be exaggerated, but now that thirteen years' rotary motion of Father Time's grindstone has worn off the glare and glamour, the modest tale here told speaks for itself.

J. WATERMELON REDINGTON.
Pentalup-on-the Puyallup, 1891.

DOINGS IN JORDAN FORK.

Editor Gazette: I pen you a few items from from Jordon Fork

Farmers are busy seeding. There will be a larger acreage sown this fall than there has ever been here, and the people are generally well and hopeful, looking forward for better times.

Our Grange hall is nearing completion; size 20x40. We expect a good time the coming winter, and quite a number of our farmers are away in other parts, but most of them will return shortly.

Well Mr. Editor, while the crops were looking so poor and everybody looking so despondent, one I day composed a few verses as follows:

(TUNE—"Exiles return.")

Oh, why did I settle in the desert and plain,
Where the sun browns the green earth and it never doth rain,
Where the sand toads and lizards make tracks in the sand
I'll away to old ocean, I'll walk on the strand.

CHORUS:

Oh why does despondency weigh down my breast,
The green fields have withered and the harvest is past,
I'd rather be an exile for twenty long years
Than to gaze on my fortune in fast falling tears.

Come all you jolly rovers who ever you may be,
Let's journey together down to the blue sea,
Where we can hunt and can fish and have a good time,
And feast on wild elk meat the rest of our time.

CHORUS:

I had rather own one acre of land,
Down close by the beach on the old ocean strand,
Than to toil and to till a hundred or more,
And spend all my best days to die very poor.

CHO.:

Here in this blest country we may toil all the year,
For clothing and groceries we pay very dear,
As for schools and for churches we scarcely can boast,
But for swearing and dancing we can beat all the coast.

J. W. C.

IONE, Sept. 29, '95.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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