Heppner

TENTH YEAR

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25 to 30 cents on every dollar you spend, we sell only Bret-Class goods to sold a you spend, we sell only Bret-Class goods to the way on he knew that the sell only Bret-Class goods the towed her, and she realized that she croceries, Purneture, and fallen in with agreeable company. Who was Tayl n? An lowa farmer; a man of will and nerve, who thirsted in

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Harkins had come out from England to better his fortunes. He was English, ored and born, a resident of Learning-ion, and his wife had died the year be-

fore. Though a widower, he was not shildless. The woman in the wagon train was his daughter, Bess. A wo-man! No, a girl of eighteen—a typical English girl of the middle class. The fit of the gold hunting party. Should Bess be left beland among strangers in strange land, or taken on an expedi-tion which had its peril for every hour?

"Are you crazy?" queried the gold hunters, when Harkina asked them to

But when the train was ready to move out of Brule City, and the men saw the red cheeked English lassic scated beside young Joe Blyn, who was to drive the Harkins wagon while the owner rode

manently restored to health. No fewer men may also been cured.

Electric treatment for diseases suggested, properly applied, is perfect and has no good subset up to the only such its refer and as no good subset and a politances terthe only ones in existence that supply a particular of the original properties and the supply and the sup orseback, they lifted their hats as they rode past. And when they saw how prave she tried to look and act, and understood that she was willing to brave all perils for the affections she bore "There's a girl to be proud of. Let's

And no queen could have asked for or en shown greater respect. She it was



She tt was who knelt beside the grave of the old hunter.

bunter, laid away in such unseemly haste and with so little ceremony, and cine known as the S. B Headache and attered a short prayer in behalf of the Liver Cure, and while I am seventy five | dend, and though some of the wilder ears old and have use many pills and spirits affected to ridicule, there was a

twenty-four, ranchman, scout, gold hunter; brave as a hon and tender as a woman. He had been with Sheridan and Custer, with Miles and Cook. He had carried dispatches from field to fort. from post to headquarters. The soldiers and civilians knew him as Joe; the Inhans called him "The White Wind," More than once they had found his trail and pushed him hard, but never had they overtaken him. And within an hour from the time Joe Blyn helped Bess Har-

oes. Notions, Crock y, Jeweiry, Buggies d. Harness, Agricultal Implements: it classifies the property of the p

his eyes that a physiognomist would have whispered to himself, "There is a man who would do murder for gold." With the others we have little to do. Expeditions such as this are made up of anybody and everybody. No one asks where they come from and certificates

of character are not demanded.

When one speaks of the plains of the great west you must not confound them with the prairies. "God made the prairies," says an indian legend, "while satan made the plains." The one is a level, covered with rich grass and carpeted with flowers, and the soil turned up by the plow is the richest of earth. other is rolling, broken ground, ridged, tumbled, confused. Rock outcrops, the soil is almost flint and nature can scarcely force a weed or bush to grow. Wolve and serpents are at home on these desciate stretches of country, but all other living things avoid them. There is a lonesomeness and a desolation

and a homesickness about them which has caused tren to go mad. It was over such a stretch of country that the wagon train slowly picked its way. Ridge after ridge, dip after dip, high up that they looked no larger than

They speak of boundless prairies. So are the plains boundless—or seem to be. For may ride for 200 miles before there is a change of sell or scenery. Noon comes and a brief hult is made.

The men have grown more anxious within the last hour. "Signs" are more plentiful. e feathered heads of indians have me and I will show you a sight to be re-seen above the banks of the dry membered forever. There is going to The feathered heads of indians have

to all that the train is under espionage. Your noble red man is a coward. He must light with the odds in his favor if he fights at all. Honest warfare is un-known to him. In his death song he will sing of his brave deeds, but he lies about them

Men and women argue and contend that the red man of America has been cheated, abused and maligned. They view him from a distance. In his native state he lives by choice like a dog. He is victous in every sense. He was born with a desire to torture and kill. His love is tyranny and abuse—his friend-ship to be avoided. If he believes in a great Manitoa, that belief does not prevert him fro a being a beast and a devil combined. He betrays his own kindred. He steals from his own tribe. He tortures a prisoner of his own kind with as much relish as he does a white man. Taken as a whole, he has not one single trait or sentiment to prove his right to umber the earth.

Aye! the red devils had been watch; ng that train for the last twenty hour is a cat watches its victim when released for the moment. They were ahead of it—behind—to the right—the left. At first two or three—then seven or eight then fifteen—then thirty. They were the scouts and spies, and every half mour one rode away to the west to bear information to the chiefs in waiting.

The gold hunters must be wiped out o the last man. Their number had been counted over and over their weapons noted and the chances calculated. The time was not yet. The lay of the ground was not suitable and

shunter and lifted his scalp there are shouts of victory—words of boasting—a war dance about his body. They never figure on odds-unless against them-

When the train was ready to move on after its halt the leader called all the men together for counsel. He had been a soldier, as had many of the men. He knew what to expect, and was prudently preparing for it. Each horseman and each driver was given orders for emer-

gency, and every man received them willingly and with a desire to obey. As the train moved on it was closed up as solidly as possible, and each driver had his weapons at hand. It was an hour before the Indians showed their hand. Then one after another appeared in sight out of rifle range, until fifty could be counted. A train of emigrants fusion and disagreement as how best to act. When you have an enemy alarmed you have him half whipped. No one

knows this better than an Indian. The men of an emigrant train would have begun firing, and thus wasted their ammunition. The bolder spirits would have voted for a charge, thus giving the devils hiding behind the rocks and ridges with cocked rifles a chance to

pick them off. The men of the train fired no shot and made no halt. Never a wagon moved faster or slower. It was a great plow cutting its way through the earth over all obstructions.

Anxious? Yes. Your brave man may even tremble in the presence of danger. It is only a drunkard or a fool who puts up his life against chance and betrays no emotion. Not anxious about the four score warriors galloping about them and now becoming derisive and defiant, but about what was to come tarther on, and what the odds against them would be. "Never halt in the presence of at

enemy unless you fortify," says a military authority. "So long as you are moving, the enemy cannot mass against any one point," says

An old veteral commanded the train when we had just begin to tee the vital and rode in advance of it. He saw the force of liberty coursing in our veins, it is a fixed that there was a divibity shaping our ends, and that under the see where the attack would be made. The natural roadway ran down for a wise statesmanship would prevail against The natural roadway ran down for a mile between dry gallies. These gullies had been scooped out by the heavy rainfalls of perhaps a century, for here the always the same sterile scenery; always watershed ran sharply to the north for many miles.

> vines and the train would be in a trap.
> "Never do what your enemy hope you will do," is another military maxim.
>
> The captain made a rapid survey of Here was a plateau strewed with bowl ders, but tolerably level. A battle must be fought. Here was the place to fight it It is midafternoon now. Come with

The Indians had massed in these ra

oe a ngnt wnten men will talk of aroun nes for the next twenty years.

CHAPTER III.

The carefully prepared trap of the In-dians had failed. It was only when the white man had turned sharply saide. bunched the wagons, placed the spare horses as safely as possible and began rolling the bowlders together for a breastworks that the red man realized

that he had been sold out.

N. J. SINNOTT'S ADDRESS to The G. A. R. at Their tampfire in Hepp-ner, Oct. 21, 1852.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the G. A.
R., Ladies and Gentlemen:
Brevity is a charm pleasing to all, dented to none; so, if the committee's flat tering consideration of me be the means of bringing any afflictions upon this aulience. I trust that I may have resours to, and claim brevity as one of the re-deeming features of my remarks.

All occasions of this nature, and es-pecially remains of the G. A. R. are-such as tend invariably to render our

niscences of past events, events that can not, and do not lessen in importance or interest by repetitions in prose or in meetry; events which make my Irish-American blood fairly tongle because they recall all that goes to incite, to arouse those ineffable, those inexpressible sentiments which cluster around that noble

vord, "patriotism."
Indeed, What mother's heart does brob with a kindred emotion at the story of thesorrow-stricken mother in '61, who, though it broke her beart, considered it ner sacred duty to place the musket in the hands of her darling boy, perhaps represented by some gray haired veteran before me, imprint a mother's farewell kies, bid him don the gray and march with his comrades. Accordingly a glance backward this

Accordingly a glance backward this evening can harm no one, and it can not fail to infuse, to inspire and stimulate a deeper love for country and country's defenders, the G. A. R. Yet I am sadly conscious that neither the "chesp jewelity" of the orator, nor my plain words can of the ground was not suitable and enough Indians had not come up. They dared not attack with fifty—a hundred—a hundred and fifty. They would move upon the little band with two hundred or more—four or five to one. That is Indian bravery.

When a dozen of them have run down a hunter and lifted his scalp there are shouts of victory—words of boasting—a bearts, youth and age, to face cold steel pearts, youth and age, to face cold stee disease and starvation in rebel prisons but they might render fruitful the impetuous charges of "Little Phil," the in-lomitable hammering of Grant, or the glorious murch of Sherman to the ses.

The object of today's celebration also naturally recalls to mind the time when Columbus had at last found a haven of refuge for the persecuted of every clime, when far across the sturm tossed Atlantic to the land of the setting sun a new government consecrated to liberty had sprung into existence. Each returning vessel bore the glad kidings of America's helling respects and the warry respects. brilliant prospects, and the weary peas-ant on Albion's chalky cliffs gazed sea-ward and sighed for the land of the free. But these glad tidings did not always tench the responsive chords of sympa-thy; repeatedly monarchs and princes would have been rattled at sight of gazyd anxiously at the young republic; these, and there would have been confusion and disagreement as how best to the birth of a free institution, destined to strike the first effective blow against the whole fabric of monarchial rule and tradition. For this reason our enemies tradition. For this reason our enomics dreaded, aye, stood in awe of the day to a thould realize the brighrest hopes of our ancestors. A government "of the people, by the people and for the people hey said was an Uropian idea, sovereign by of the people only a sweet delusion, and national unity a mere phantom; the diversities of soil and climate, they said and hoped, would engender and fister bitter sectional animosities; the flokie. bitter sectional animosities; the fickleness of a capricious populace, uncon-trolled by the iron hand of a king, would plunge us into a yawning vortex of common ruin, and when the first jar came we would surely succumb to the rolling breakers. These were the predictions these the prophecies the veterans of the G. A. R. were called upon to disprove

and, thank God, they dip heir duty. These were the predictions that sped the first voyage of our ship of state, but they What unsters laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope.
What arivite rang, what hammers beat.
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of our hope.
Our course often lay through unknown.

obsones, and repeatedly we heard the bursh gratings of hidden rocks. But in the early days of our commonwealth, An old veteran commanded the train when we had just begun to feel the vital

ill foreign or domestic discord.

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 501.

all foreign or domestic dispord.

Our second war with Great Britain showed that we had not only the power but also the courage to assert ourselves and demand our rights.

At the first mention of disunion the towering figure of Webster areas and he bundered out in fonce never to be torcotten, that noble sentiment which sent nany here, many from the plow, the workshop, the counting house, the anvil, o battle for union, that noble sentiment, hat motto of our country, "Liberty and non now and forever, one and insep-

Now the cloud was fast approaching pressaging with many and dark forebod-

pressaging with many and dark forebodings, our national ruin, the false impressions concerning the rights of the general government, the false doctrine of state sovereignty, the slave question, had brought as almost to the verge of destruction and we were builed into an untallowed civil war.

This fratricidal struggle was destined to be the crucial test of our resources, our integrity, aye, perchance of our very national existence. Those of you who were there may, but I cannot portray the dreadful scenes of this our darkest hour, for my pen undipped in the gore of the battlefield cannot chronicle the bloody tragedies, nor painter's canvas depict the widespread desolation. From every bush that the glimmer of the rifle, the tread of legions shook the ground. Virginis, the cradle of presidents, became the grave of patriots. For four long years throughout the land was heard the clash of arms. Gradually the end was drawing near, 'till on that April morning the last recoils appropriate the land was heard the clash of arms. Gradually the end was drawing near, 'till on that April morning the last recoils. near, till on that April morning the last reveil e summoning the blue and gray to sems had sounded, and ere the roll of beating drums had died away the stad-lows of sorrow and darkness occasioned by the war were being dispelled and in the firmament appeared our star of hope, the anticipated harvinger of peace, Lee had surrendered. These sweet and wel-come words were full of the most significant meaning. They meant to the poor heart-broken mother that not in vain had such as tend invariably to render our view retrospective, and instead of "Dipping into the future as far as human eye cattee,"

To behold the wonders and the worlds that are to be,"

We teel ourselves prompted, almost unsconsorously, to recall oft-repeated rem intecesses of past events, events that can wounded figure, Abraham Lincoln, that the union was to be perpetuated and that we were to issue from that strife with an established and well grounded com-monwealth, destined under the pennant of the stars and stripes to defeat all at-

tempts at dissolution.

How eminently fitting, with but little change, are the words of Webster to the revolutionary survivors: "Veterans, you come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your days that you might behold this joyous day—for all is now peace, and God has granted your aparticipation in the festivities of your country's celsibration ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to partake of the reward of your patriotic toils, and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen to meet you here and in the name tempts at dissolution. trymen to meet you here and in the name of liberty, in the name of country and union, to thank you. Veterans, you are union, to thank you. Veterans, you are
the remnant of many a well fought battlefield, you bring with you marks of
honor from 'Salabh, Vicksburg, Gettyshurz, Wilderness and other memorable
fields.' Veterans of a 'quarter of a contury,' when in your youthful days you
placed all at hazard in your country's
dause, good as that cause was, and sanareas and is still your foundest came, good as that cause was, and san-guine as youth is, still your fondest hopea did not stretch forward to an hour like this, to a moment of national pros-perity such as you never could foresee. You are now met to enjoy the fellowsuip of old soldiers, and to receive the

flowing of universal gratitude. But we must remember that long has been furled the battle flag that led the bayonet charge, or crowned the bristling ramp rt, the lofty marble column and the granite shaft mark the tombs where lie our beroes, your contrades, their bod-ies are perishing according to the laws of nature, their names and the memories of their deeds still remain as beacons to posterity. Now let us refuse to recall these sad, appalling mistakes of that grim, dark past to flug as repreaches, or to aronse sectional prejudices. You fought for union; the confederates, missled and mistaken, fought for what they considered their just rights. They left the dispute to the final judge of nations, and they were American enough to abide by the result. I heir valor brought forth your courage, and together you showed that with an united country, an united soldiery, we would have an army to defy the world.

So now let us bury our feelings of envy we may have for each other, in the at-tachments we have for unity and country. The russet autumn leaves of a quarter of a century and again the returning verdure of a apring have striven to hide from the grze of the nation the success of that war, and shall we, nature's noble-men, refuse to follow her landable example, shall we by jeers and gibes keep open those gaing wounds and leave them as a fatal beritage to our posterity? No, let us in a coordinatory spirit admin-ister that healing balm of forgiveness, that divine attribute given by Go I to man to enable him to recall the bosom friend lost in an angry moment, yes let ns cultivate this divine attribute and entertain a true spirit of reconsiliation.
There is a most saured duty incumbent on all of us to transmit sound and intact the heritage that we have received from these old solders "Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust, our fathers from behind admonish us with auxious, paternal voices, posterity calles to us from the future; the world turns bither its solicitous eyes, all, all cocjure us to act wisely and faithfully" and if we emulate the deeds and achievements of these veterans of the G. A. R. we may

look forward to a time when, The grand old ship, Union's, voyage o'er, At attchorage sale she swings. And loud and clear with obser on choor Her joyous welcome rings.
Hursah Hursah' It shakes the waves,
It thunders on the land,
One flag, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore.

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