

WEEKLY GAZETTE
Subscription price, \$1.50
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WEEKLY PAPER
OFFICIAL
Heppner
Gazette.

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Subscription Price, \$1.50
The Paper is Published Strictly in the
interests of Morrow County and its
Taxpayers.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1899, NO. 745

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PRISONERS' DIARY
Found in Their Cell at San
Isidor Prison
BY A SECOND OREGON BOY.
Story of the Capture and Experiences of the Brave Soldier
Boys, and Treatment by the Insurgents.
Mr. H. L. McAlister has considerably placed on exhibition in the spacious windows of Patterson & Son's drug store a most interesting collection of curios secured by him from the Philippines, which has held the attention of Heppnerites since last Friday. Until Monday morning Mr. McAlister has been in attendance and was compelled to recite the history of each article over and over. He is an exceedingly intelligent talker and in detailing his experiences holds his listeners to the end.
The Gazette is in debt to him for the following interesting history of the capture of the Yorktown crew, copied from the original, which a Second Oregon volunteer found beneath the floor of a cell, from which the Philipinos had fled with these prisoners on the advance of the volunteers:
To whom it may concern.
We leave this letter at San Isidor and hope it may fall into the hands of friends and inform them of what has befallen us. That Saturday morning, April 12th, when we left the Yorktown in our launch we never thought we would be here. We steamed up the river to Baler and were captured.
Resistance was useless and would have resulted in our complete destruction. We were stripped of our arms and our pockets thoroughly searched for valuables, then we were tied together, two-by-two, and marched off to the rear of Baler. That night we had to sleep as we were tied, and were given some cold rice to eat. All the next day we marched through swamps under boiling sun, and given nothing to eat until dark, and then thrown a few handfuls of cold boiled rice. All along the march we were jeered and cursed by the people. The next day we were evidently near our boys' firing line, because every one was trying to get away from the villages and in the afternoon we were joined by other prisoners. Men, women and children fleeing from Americans. A two hours' march brought us to Kingang, where all the Spaniards and ourselves stopped for a rest in a convent. At four o'clock we were on the march again. Among the Spaniards was a woman, wife of a surgeon officer, but she was allowed to ride in an ox cart. About four hours march brought us to the bank of a large river, and here we were ferried by a large canoe. On the other side lay Boliwag, our resting place for the night. We were taken into a convent and put into a room about 6 by 10, with nothing to sleep on but the floor and literally covered with blood. The sergeant of the guard was a young Spaniard and he tried to make it as easy as possible for us, bringing us some rice and fish to eat. We saw many wounded here from the front.
Next morning we were woken up by the natives throwing stones through the windows at us to see us move. Hundreds came to gaze at us through the door, including priests. At nine o'clock we started on the march again without breakfast. Many of the Spaniards were so sick they could hardly walk, but the native guards would strike them with their guns to make them move faster, shooting "sig," "sig," like a man driving cattle. We were in better condition than the Spaniards, so they put us in the lead, but every once in a while we halted to wait for the Cagaderos.
Eleven months' imprisonment, hunger and hard treatment had left them in poor condition to march in dusty roads in a boiling sun. A three hours' march brought us to San Rafael, right in the foothills. They fed us on dry rice without salt or anything else. At this place Brown and I had our coats stolen, but a Spaniard found my coat hidden away in a crenelated and recovered it for me, but everything was stolen from the pockets. Brown never heard of his again. At 2 o'clock we resumed the march again, and the women had to tramp the same as the men. We took a road to the northward parallel to the mountains and soon came into a very rough country with not a house in sight. At 8 o'clock that evening we arrived at a small village called Bootock, and here all the Spaniards and ourselves were crowded into a cellar about 20 feet square. In the morning we tried to persuade them to give us something to eat, but the officers told us that wind and patience were all we could get. At about 11 we resumed the march again for San Miguel. On the way it was found necessary to press more carabos into service and two soldiers went into somebody's field and took them without saying a word. The whole family came out crying for their carabos, but it was no use, the oxen were taken and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we reached San Miguel, quite a large town. We were

halted in the plaza while the people thronged around to see us, nearly smothering us. Insults of all kinds were heaped upon us, the more so as being desperate with hunger, we returned some of them. One kind hearted native at length gave us a turnip apple. We were taken into a convent at last and lay down on the floor, trying to sleep, but hunger kept us awake. At length another kind hearted Philipino offered us some cold rice in a basket, but this was only enough to irritate our hunger.
At about 4 o'clock we were taken across the plaza to a prison, where our friends, the Spaniards, were confined. We were kept outside the door so the populace could see us. We saw a cart pass with a figure representative of the "Last Supper" on it, and I thought how we could feed on the price of the rich silk robes which these idlers wore.
We must have been a hard looking crowd, all dusty, dirty and ragged and sunburnt, as we sat here wondering how much longer we could stand this.
A Spaniard motioned to me and asked me if I wanted a drink of water. He said that a time had come. I was really not thirsty, but he looked as if he wanted to speak to me privately for some reason and therefore I followed him. He led me into the prison and in a cell where two Spaniards sat at a table. As I came in one jumped up and gave me a paper, and I could feel there was money in it. I tried to thank him for it, but the guard put in an appearance and I was obliged to leave the room. On opening the paper secretly we found two dollars in silver, enough to keep us in food for a week. We dared not thank him for it openly before the guard, but I have no doubt that they could read the gratitude in our eyes. That evening the Spaniards brought us rice, fish, cigars, chickens, biscuits and a whole bottle of brandy. One of these Spaniards was a merchant in San Miguel, he told us, for seven years. He told us there had been a meeting of the native parliament the day before and all but one were in favor of surrendering to the Americans.
Next morning at about 11 o'clock we took the road again, after eating a good breakfast. Many of the Spaniards were obliged to ride in the ox carts, as they could no longer put one foot before the other. We marched all that day at a good gait and at 8 o'clock in the evening found ourselves in San Isidor. The population turned out to meet us and proved exceedingly hostile. One would dig us in the ribs and then jump back into the crowd to hide. At least fifty boxes of matches were consumed in lightening our faces so they could get a good view of us. The "cut throat sign" was made to us by every one of them, and popular indignation ran high. We stood there about two hours before being moved to a large brick prison. We were put into a cell, which was comfortable enough, but room was scarce. They gave us a pot of rice for supper, then barred the door securely on us. Next day the Spaniards were prohibited to speak to us, but in spite of that we managed to find out that an armistice of two days had been declared. In the evening a procession passed us, four or five carts gaily decorated with representations of the saints on top, priests, choir boys, etc., dressed in black and red, with a band following playing a death march. It seemed to us like the picture of the "Deal Republic." Five days passed slowly and heavily, although we had plenty to eat, and all donations of the Spaniards, except four potatoes a day each, and two measures of rice apiece given by the government. This alone would just about keep body and soul together. We sang songs together to show that we were in good spirits. On the last day of the armistice about 300 Spaniards were marched into town.
The following is a list of the names of American prisoners found up in the cell walls of the brick prison of San Isidor: Captured January 27, 1899 - J. O'Brien, A. Sontheisen, A. Haber. Captured January 30, 1899 - W. Banes, E. Honnymann. Captured April 12, 1899 - A. Bishop, of Battery H, Third artillery, and Lieutenant Gilmore, W. Walton, P. Vaudouit, J. Ellsworth, L. P. Edwards, S. Brasolisi, A. Peterson and F. Anderson, of the U. S. Steamer Yorktown.

FATAL MINING ACCIDENT.
J. A. Powell, Ex-County Clerk of Grant County, Killed by a Falling Bank.
Grant County News.
A cloud of grief rests over the town of Canyon City, while we mourn the sudden death of our beloved and respected citizen, John A. Powell.
Scarcely had the people of Canyon City finished their breakfast on last Tuesday morning, when the sad news reached their ears that John Powell had been killed by a falling bank at the Humboldt mine.
What a change came over our little city! What a sadness prevailed around it! He who but a few minutes before had eaten his breakfast with his wife and little ones, kissed them good-bye, and with his dinner pail left his home, passed down our street with a welcome smile and pleasant good morning for all whom he met - was dead. It seemed hard to believe. Mr. Powell had been working for the Humboldt company but a short time, having taken the place of G. D. Richard, who has gone to Colorado. He was employed to operate the giant on the day shift, beginning at 7 o'clock, and had left his home about 6:30 to go to his work. He had been working but a few moments when the bank, forty feet high, began to give way. Mr. Powell, with a Chinaman, who was working near him, realizing their danger, started to run. The Chinaman succeeded in escaping, but Mr. Powell stumbled and fell on his face, the immense bank falling upon and burying him beneath tons of dirt.
As soon as word reached town a party went to the mine and removed the remains, which were taken charge of by the Mason and Odd Fellows.
Verna, Magie and Herbert Powell were at the Springs when the sad news of the accident reached them, but did not know their father was dead until they reached home in the evening.
The funeral services were held at the family residence on Wednesday at 1:30 p. m., conducted by the Canyon City Lodge No. 34, A. F. and A. M. and Humboldt Lodge No. 22, I. O. O. F. R. v. E. Hayes preached the funeral sermon.

HOW THE LAST MAN MAY DIE.
Fates That May Overtake the Supervisor of the Human Race.
Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter, airless, waterless, lifeless. But long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on the surface of this planet. Unless by some huge and uncalculated cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity, it is but reasonable to suppose that man like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly and that eventually there will be but a single human being left - some old, old man, gray-headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined but not described. How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisturbed master of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself end his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then probably infest the solitudes. But his fate may seem the more weird and more dreadful. Scientists say that as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with water that it is taken up by plants, but not all. It may increase and eventually poison the breathable air, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hillsides where the last remains of animal life are striving for existence. The last man will climb higher and higher, but eventually the suffocating, invisible fluid will reach and drown him.
Again, it is said that the earth as it gets older it is cracking like dry mud. These cracks will increase until at last they will let the waters of the ocean and rivers sink into the fiery center of the globe. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds. The last man in this case will probably be some arctic explorer or Eskimo, whom the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are swallowed by red hot gases and steam. Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Atlantic ocean, off the Brazilian coast, halfway between Rio Janeiro and the cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abyssal slime beneath. There, hopelessly digging in the ever-drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet. The Antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the south pole to the edge of this cap is 1,400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the center and it cannot be less than twelve miles in thickness - twice as thick as split. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up the north over the oceans and continents of the earth. Where, then, will the last man breath his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge shallow sea beneath those tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world. Or, last, and perhaps dreariest fate of all, the human race may outlive others mammals and last until the sun, as some day it must, grows dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of today is a paradise. - London Answers.

CREDIT TO THE OREGONIANS.
A Manila Newspaper Tells of What Material the Men Were Made.
Reviewing the gallant work of the Oregon volunteers in the Philippines, a Manila paper which recently came to hand says:
The Oregonians were in many ways a particularly unfortunate regiment. Arriving here with the first expedition they were denied the privilege of living in the great military camp at Tambo. They took no part in the fighting in the trenches, they played an unimportant part in the storming of Manila. When the Philippine trouble broke out, and they were ordered to stay in the walled city, their cup of bitterness seemed full. But when their call out was made they more than retrieved their lost opportunities. They have covered themselves with a glory that shall never fade. The following little incident will show of what stuff the regiment is made. During Wheaton's celebrated dash, the Oregonians were a part of the flying brigade. The troops were trying to capture the rich little town of Pateros, "Duck town," which is situated on a bend of the Pasig, near the fork. The town is almost encircled by the stream, which is some 50 yards wide, and from 12 to 16 feet deep. Stretching from the bank up the river is a rice field about 200 yards wide, from which rises a steep declivity of a few hundred feet in height. From the brief description one can easily see the strength of the little town as a strategic point for the enemy.
Pateros had successfully resisted three attempts at its capture. The brigade was stationed on the military crest of the above mentioned hill; to capture the place it was necessary to cross the rice field with no protection from the enemy's heavy fire who were strongly entrenched, and then cross the river. The Oregonians were the vanguard of the attack. Crossing the rice field under great difficulties, they were compelled to halt at the river, and to hold their position under the raking fire of the insurgents, as no boats could be found. Finally an old raft and some canoes were discovered, and Colonel Summers called for volunteers to swim the river under the fire of the enemy and fasten a cable to the opposite shore. Many more than enough responded. From among them were selected two men, who, after attaching a string to the end of the cable, plunged in, reaching the opposite shore amid a hail of bullets, fastened the cable and constructed an impromptu bridge, over which the troops successfully crossed, completely routing the enemy. This is the material of which the Oregonians are made.

CRUDE OIL THE THING.
A Railroad Has Settled the Dust Problem With Oil.
The experiment of making a railroad dust proof by the use of crude oil has been tried during the past year in the East with success. In the West, the Burlington road is the first to adopt the movement. General Superintendent Calvert has had part of the Wyoming division of the Burlington treated with crude oil, and the results there have been so satisfactory that he is making arrangements to continue the work elsewhere on the system. Two cars were especially arranged for sprinkling the track and road bed with the oil. Oil was sprinkled in the center of the track and on the outside of the rails for about five feet. One application of the oil keeps the track free from dust for about one year. The number of hotboxes on trains is considerably lessened, and the comfort of passengers is greatly enhanced. An additional advantage found in treating the track with oil is that moisture will not then penetrate through the oiled outer crust. Instead, the water runs off the track into the ditches at the side. Vegetation along the track is destroyed by the use of oil.

Glorious News
Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which has caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved - that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poison helps digestion, builds up the system. Only 50c. Sold by Slocum Drug Co., Guaranteed.

Utah's glittering Salt Palaces, with its Midway Pleasures and other attractions, opens at Salt Lake City August 21st. The Rio Grande Western, the only line running through the Mormon capital, has arranged to give holders of all classes of tickets a day stopover at Salt Lake in order that they may have an opportunity of visiting this wonderful structure, built of salt crystals taken from the brine of the Great Salt Lake itself. The inauguration of the Rio Grande Western's dining car service, doing away with the necessity of stopping trains at eating stations, leaves nothing to be desired for an ideal trip across the continent; for the equipment and train service are equal, if not superior, to those of any of the transcontinental lines. Furthermore, no line traverses any section of the American continent where there is so much grandeur of scenery. A daylight ride through the heart of the Rockies leaves nothing to be desired. For information as to rates and for descriptive pamphlets, address J. D. Mansfield, general agent, 263 Washington street, Portland, Or.

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