

Weston Weekly Leader

H. A. BAKER Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates: One dollar and a half per year, in advance.

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WESTON LODGE, NO. 55, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening.

WESTON LODGE, NO. 65, A. F. & A. M. Meets on the second and fourth Saturday of each month.

WESTON LODGE, NO. 71, A. O. U. W. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WESTON LODGE, NO. 80, A. F. & A. M. Meets on the first and third Saturday of each month.

WILD HORSE LODGENO. 79. Meets every Friday evening.

Milton Lodge Directory.

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MARBLE WORKS. NILES & VINCENT P. O' Monuments! Head-Stones WALLA WALLA

J. J. BEELER, Proprietor of the Post-Office Drug Store. Drugs, Patents, Brushes, Gills, Varishes, Glass, etc., etc.

A SUMMER OUTING IN THE CEUR D'ALENS. BEING A TRUTHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE HAIR BREADTH ESCAPES, WONDERFUL ADVENTURES AND GREAT HARDSHIPS OF TWO PROSPECTORS AND FOUR JACKASSES, IN NORTHEASTERN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Everybody in the village that were not otherwise engaged, which comprised a majority of the citizens, collected to watch the preparations for our departure, and the town wits raised more than one general laugh, in which I joined, at our expense.

With a lead "Chingaro Mole" we are off, Bill on foot, and I will remark right here that he kept up this mode of travel, during the whole summer, as he was never on an animal back except in an occasional instance when we were crossing a ford.

A description of the first week of our travels will be unnecessary, as it led through a portion of the country familiar to those who are likely to read this article.

I was disappointed in the appearance of the much talked of Big Bend country, and felt pity for the poor people who were endeavoring to establish homes in this, to me, dreary waste.

I had seen the country we were passing through, extolled by the press and in immigration pamphlets, and although I had had experience that should have made me wiser, I half expected to see a veritable paradise.

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migration agents are strictly forbidden its use for any purpose. Poor old Jumbo had been lame from a founder during the first ten days of our journey, and finding that the usual, and to my mind, inhuman method of treating an animal thus afflicted, by driving him, was only making him worse, we concluded to stop at the first suitable encampment and remain until he recovered.

I am going to assume right here that a majority of my readers have never been "a prospecter" and that as a consequence they will be interested in all the small details of such an experience.

Thus far our travels had led us through a country almost devoid of game. I had shot a few sage hens, which were tough, and whose flesh were strongly impregnated with the wild sage they subsist upon, and now and then I knocked over a jackrabbit, more for target practice than anything else, as their backs are full of worms in the spring, and they are of course unfit for food.

Our cooking utensils consisted of a frying pan, two sheet iron camp kettles and a coffee pot. Our flour was self rising, that is the material that caused it to raise had been mixed with the flour at the mill during the process of grinding, and it only needed the addition of a sufficient amount of clear water and the necessary amount of kneading to make the most delicious bread known to cookery, a verdict unanimously rendered by all hungry travelers, from the Grand Duke Alexis down.

Gathering a quantity of the fuel described, we pile it up in a circular form and set fire to it. After burning a while the offensive odor escapes in the smoke, and the pile is reduced to a mass of bright coals, without lessening the bulk of the original pile.

At this desolate spot we spent five days, occupying the time in caring for old Jumbo's ailment, and lightening in a rapid manner the loads of the animals, for our appetites had increased ever since our departure from home.

In every journey that I have ever taken there has always been some dark particular spot, some day or occurrence that is fixed in my memory as the turn down page, as it were, of the trip.

We stretched our tent that evening in a little valley or "coulee" as the canyons are called. Rattlesnake coulee, I think was the name of this valley. The soil looked black and rich, but was, I dare say, like most of these valleys, subject to late and early frosts.

desolate spot, the days spent there as the most disagreeable, and the landscape as photographed upon my mind, the most uninviting, in my summer's experience.

Forests of sage-bush extend as far as the eye can reach upon every side and sand lizards, rattlesnakes and coyotes are the only animal life to be met with; if I except an occasional sage hen that was flushed by our dogs as we traveled along the sandy road.

One day I took my gun and made the circuit of a butte that reared its scald head a short distance from our camp. (I make the unusual simile for the reason that the top of such eminences are called their heads, and this one reminded me of a human head afflicted with salt rheum.)

Man is the only creature that robs another of the existence God has given it, without reason or motive. Here was I, standing over an inanimate farm, made so by my cruelty, in whose death I was none the gainer.

But there, I dare say few whose trade and delight it is to hunt to death the wild animals of the forest and plain, could moralize thus over the slaying of a prairie wolf, and I drop the subject, feeling that I have made some reparation for the deed.

Our patient began to show signs of recovery and we gladly resumed our journey, for we began to long for the forest clad hills and their cooling shades. The heat of the sun on these plains even at this early season of the year is intense; besides, we longed to reach a locality where game was to be found and where we might begin to look for "prospects."

We had met a man from the Methow valley, who informed us that a rich silver lode had been found in the valley just previous to his departure, and as the Methow river country lay in the district we had marked out for exploration, we hoped to lose no time in arriving in that vicinity.

Not far from our late camp made memorable by the incidents related, we passed a lonely grave surrounded by white pallings, upon a small butte near the road. We were informed that it marked the resting place of a poor fellow who had suicided near the spot some years since.

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thriving little town laid out by and named in honor of a former Walla Walla gentleman, Hon. Phillip R. ... Arriving here, we replenished our stock of provisions and were preparing to continue on our way, when upon going for our horses, I found my lowest sick miservants had again taken the return trail for home.

Again we "struck the road," and again are we oppressed by the heat and the extreme scarcity of water. The bunch grass waves like a field of wheat for miles in every direction, but the absence of water makes it as useless for the stockman's purpose as though nothing but sage covered the broad expanse.

My dog ate a portion of this poison and was soon in the awful agony that follows the swallowing of strychnine. We sorrowfully watched him through several of the horrid convulsions, and sadly left him to his fate; not, however, without first looking up the criminally careless Tauton, and expressing our most hearty disapproval of his mode of poisoning squirrels.

After a long drive of nearly twenty miles, we were compelled to make a dry camp. We had passed out of the grassy, supposedly fertile region, and were traversing another sand plain covered by the tallest sage I have yet seen. It towered on each side of the road, high above my head when upon my horse, and was large enough for fuel, than which no better can be found when, like this, of sufficient size for the purpose. But as in many other instances in this country, it was abundant where least possible of utilization.

The distributing power that perfected arrangements in this locality was evidently careless in his labors. We have an abundance of grass placed out of the reach of water, and wood in plenty where neither of the former requisites exist, and ad infinitum. (To be continued.)

In the ears, sometimes a roaring buzzing sound are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier is a peculiar successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

It does not pay to fool with the Arizona journalist. The Tempe News had a delinquent advertiser. The editor man took out the ad and replaced it by the following: "This space was taken by ... He owes \$- for it, and won't pay. Look out for him." The advertiser got mad and obtained an injunction restraining the publication, but a Judge dissolved the injunction. Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint; Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.