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Spriggs Bros.
COTTAGE GROVE, OR.

Ranch Experiences of Brave School Teacher

Trails Hard to Follow; Wild Animals Eat Garden Truck.

When I first reached Roseburg, Oregon, in search of a ranch I had the munificent sum of \$100 in the form of a draft and a little change in my purse.

I spent the first morning in the land office and then took the afternoon train for Oakland to look after a vacant 40. After two days I was able to get a horse and rode out to the place. There they told me that the land had been filed on. Back to Roseburg and the land office and then by stage to Reston to look after a quarter. The driver advised me by all means to keep away from locators. I afterwards found out that he had located a great many people on no account places. This trip proved a wild goose chase, as the land was too rocky for even goats. Soon after that I bought a homestead right from a young man who was tired of ranching alone. This took my draft and put me in debt several dollars. I obtained a position for one and one-half months where I netted \$60. Then I secured a school not far from the ranch and started to earn enough to set me going.

Just before school began I decided to visit my ranch. I hired a rig and driver and we started out. For several hours we wandered around the woods up hill and down but didn't get a glimpse of the place. After I had taunted a month I decided to try again. I obtained a worn out old nag and started out on my 15 mile ride. It was a beautiful ride, only I did feel so sorry for the poor old animal that I walked up Hard Scabble Hill. I walked down most of them for my own safety. It was noon when I stopped to inquire my way. I was directed to turn in at the first gate and follow the road. Of course I missed the gate and wandered on for several miles. At about three o'clock I found a man who pointed out the trail. "Go along the road till you see an old shed, then follow a trail right up the draw and then follow a trail and you'll get there. The place is behind that big hill covered with cattle." Plain enough direction now but, oh, so vague to a girl who had never followed a trail before. I found the hill covered with cattle and I wandered around, on it till nearly dusk. I consider that one of the bravest things I ever did for I am very much afraid of cattle. Now I can't understand why I didn't find the trails for they are so plain, but at any rate I didn't. At dusk I started for a neighbor's through the woods, expecting something to get me, for they had told me of bears and cougars. I was so tired and heart sick that night that I believe I'd have sold out for 10 cents. The next morning I started back to school and on my way decided to make another attempt. I think I should have been lost if it hadn't been a sunny day. Baffled again I started on my way. I stopped for dinner at another neighbor's and made arrangements to come back soon and have a guide. The next time I was successful and for a second time I looked at my ranch.

About a third of an acre had been fenced, plowed and planted. There were a few squashes and potatoes and eight apple trees. Under three big oak trees was my log cabin, measuring 15x13 feet inside. Shakes were nailed on the inside over the big cracks. There was no ceiling and no windows and an exceedingly poor floor. The room contained an old rusty cook stove, a small cupboard, a few boards nailed to the walls and covered with cedar boughs for a bed and hundreds (?) of mice.

At Christmas vacation I went there to stay. A carpenter put in a nice window, I pulled off the shakes and covered the walls and rafters with building paper, tore out the old bed and put in a sanitary couch and then put pictures on the walls. It did look so comfortable and cozy when finished. But, oh, the first two nights before the window was in and the paper up I came more near freezing to death than ever before even when in Dakota. I thought I ought to nail the shakes on the outside, but the carpenter said "no," that the wind never blew hard enough to harm the paper. Afterward I was sorry that I listened to him. Except for the cold nights I enjoyed every minute of the time and was really sorry when they came after me to go back to school.

The last of March I went back to spend my vacation. Friends drove with me till I couldn't point out the road any farther because I couldn't find it. We had to go back and dump me and my things at a neighbor's while they went home. This time I felt as though I were going into a new world and I dreaded it. The neighbors took me up to the cabin, and such a sight! The wind had blown down half the paper. The rest hung in festoons from walls and ceiling; back of the stove was an immense woodrat's nest, made of my kindlings, pictures and several things I had left on the table. After two days things looked better and I

made garden. Made garden! Yes, in rain and snow and shine. I planted fourteen kinds of vegetables, then I went away to school again.

In three months I came back for the summer. For two weeks another teacher had been there hoeing out the weeds and making things pleasant. I brought the little daughter of a friend with me and we three had fine times most always. Getting water was almost a hardship. The spring near the house had dried up, so we had to go about a quarter of a mile up over a bare, not hill, then down into the woods. Most always we found plenty of water, sometimes the cattle were ahead of us. Carrying water is hard work especially on a hot washing day. Later one of the neighbors kindly dug a well not far from the house. Three times we lost our way, trying to follow "calf paths" to some neighbor's. One time we met a neighbor hunting he directed us home thus: "Follow that fence till it breaks away, then go down the draw but not too far, then you'll find a trail. It won't be very plain at first but it will get better. That will take you nearly home." We got home safely but we never did find that trail.

My friends stayed two weeks and then I was alone, but I didn't mind that, as I was busy clearing land. With my good old bucksaw I cut down 85 oak trees, all being from 4 to 12 inches in diameter. The neighbor men laughed at that but they couldn't deny the results. This summer I shall cut a great many more. My garden grew nicely until the diggers decided it was a good place to get provisions. How I ground my teeth in rage when I found another half row gone. One day while I was gone some sheep got in and ate up all my beans and beets, another time the rabbits ate off my cauliflower. For a long time I was pestered with a wood rat every night, my only weapon of defense being an old revolver, and he not caring for poisoned wheat, it looked as though he were there to stay. He knocked over some dishes one night and then his fate was settled. The next morning I heard him on my paper ceiling, I got the gun, climbed on the stove, put my head and shoulders through a hole in the paper and looked for my victim. There he sat in the farthest corner with a saucy look in his eye. It only took two shots, perhaps he was scared to death, anyway he died, and there have never been any more. During this time I had used boxes for chairs, so I decided to try my hand at furniture making. I cut down several oaks to get just the right sized pieces and then with my ax, bucksaw and hammer I went to work. The result is a pretty good armchair. After the wood had dried out we had to put in some wire braces and now it's fine and strong.

I decided I must have a new floor and a ceiling so I hired a neighbor to haul me up a few hundred feet. It came so short a time before school that I had to hurry and work even though it rained. On Monday morning I went to work. My tools were a square, bucksaw, and hammer. It was hard work, some of the lumber had warped and once I pounded my thumb and one time fell while holding a board and nearly smashed all my fingers. I moved everything out doors but the stove. That I managed with boxes and pieces of wood and a plank for a lever. After the floor was down I built a 6x3x3 chest where I stored all my provisions and bedding away from the rats and mice. I had no time to put up the ceiling so I left that. Later my brother came to my rescue and put it up. I began teaching the next week, as I hadn't enough yet to live on. In November my brother came and it has been easier since. We have a fence nearly around the 50. I have planted over thirty more fruit trees and all kinds of small fruits. This summer I am to have two more rooms so that I won't have to use the floor for a bed when there's more than one there. I haven't a horse yet, so I have to make most of my trips to and fro on foot. It's only eight miles, but when it's raining hard it's a very long eight. It generally means an aching body and blistered feet but there is always the feeling, "It is mine, it is worth it all."

Now we have 130 little chicks, a dog, but no horse. A neighbor kindly brings our provisions as far as his house and then we pack them up ourselves. That's a little over a mile and a great deal of the way up hill.

LUCY BURGESS.



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P. S. WE STILL BUY WOOL AND MOHAIR

Bovine Thief Purloins Fisherman's Eatables

Appropriates Property Without Any "If You Please, Sir."

Patrolman Walter W. Thompson of Salem, a former Cottage Grove man, says that when he goes fishing again he intends to take with him a specially prepared strong box in which to keep his lunch.

"There ain't goin' to be any darn cattle getting my grub after this," said Thompson to his friends. "Betcher life I'll fix 'em; and say, if this last experience hadn't been so funny and made me laugh, I believe I'd have arrested that critter for appropriating property that didn't belong to it."

Thompson and his friend Claude Johnson, both locally regarded as keen sportsmen, made a trip recently to Butte creek to try their luck at fishing. An automobile conveyed them to the scene, and finding a sheltered nook they decided to store away the machine and tramp up the creek to favorite fishing pools where breakfast trout were plentiful.

"Think we better take the lunch along or leave it here?" asked Thompson.

"All right to leave it in the machine," replied Johnson; "we'll be back at noon."

Thompson suggested that some one or something might eat it, but Johnson laughed and said there was no danger.

"It was as calm a scene as I ever gazed upon," says Thompson, relating the story. "It was like a painting of an old master—I forget which one, but the fellow who made things kind of hazy like and peaceful and calm and dreamy. The first impulse I had was to give up the fishing and lie under one of the trees and sleep for a hundred years. But I knew this was out of the question as I had promised my friends to bring back a trout for each of them. If I had determined to keep my promise I think I'd been fishing yet."

"We decided to leave the lunch with the auto and trust to fate that nothing would come near to disturb it. We started out up the creek, chasing the fish ahead of us, thinking to get 'em cornered in a nook somewhere and scoop them in. We fished along for several miles, so it seemed, and managed to hold our own when it came to keeping up with the way them trout lay out to give us the race for their lives. I was blowing pretty heavy and on the point of giving up and going back to see if the lunch was right, when Johnson announced he had a bite and called for help.

"The noon hour rolled along and we made up our minds that unless we made a bee line for the automobile and the lunch we would surely be left to starve in the woods. So we turned our weary footsteps toward the center of our thoughts. As we came in sight of the machine, we saw that the cattle on a thousand hills had come to examine the various parts and personnel of our gasoline overland. The first thing that entered my mind was concern for the lunch. As we came nearer I saw what had happened.

"I never felt so hungry before in my life and hope I never will again. But that did not prevent the concluding and final chapter of what was going on around the automobile. With sinking heart I saw that a double-jointed, screw-tailed, lop-eared, crooked-legged calf was finishing up the last batch of the dainties I had brought along to keep the wolf from the door. The way that calf disregarded table manners and consumed my lunch was enough to bring tears to the eyes of any strong-minded and able-bodied man who had tramped a thousand miles through the woods and up a creek chasing trout. It was no use to try argument. That calf had the best of

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Umpfrey & Mackin

THE CASH ECONOMY STORE

The last of the home-made apple pie was disappearing as I landed a well directed stick on the calf's spars and sent it loping down the path. I used to as a boy think of the pastoral scene and the sportive calf in the midst. But say—betcher life I've lost all my respect for pastoral scenes and calves."—Salem Statesman.

I represent a (Coast) life insurance company which wrote \$1,006,225 worth of insurance during the month of May. There must be some good reasons for doing this enormous amount of business. Let me call and give you some of the reasons. H. K. Metcalf. Phone 107-L.

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