

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE COLUMBIA..... AND DOWN THE COLUMBIA TO THE SEA

Juvenile Memoirs of JESSE A. APPLIGATE an Oregon Pioneer of 1843 :

CHAPTER VI.

At night we encamped on the bank of the river, sometimes on the north and sometimes on the south side. I remember especially a camp we made on the south shore. There was a narrow strip of sand and rock, almost level, between the river and a high bluff, with a mountain rising above it.

Now, at a venture, I will say that our people, for frontiersmen of those days, were unusually free from superstitious whims. I never had seen a horseshoe over the door; they never spoke of looking at a hog's melt for a forecast of the weather; did not believe in lucky or unlucky days, nor that dropping the dishrag was a sign that the family would have company at the house; but mother, meaning to make sport of superstitious notions no doubt, sometimes spoke of a belief among the people that seeing the new moon over the right shoulder was an omen of good-luck; and, to be candid, I must admit that if I know the new moon is out, I sometimes put myself to a little trouble to get first sight of it over my right shoulder.

The unusual occurrence referred to was this: Although we had now been several days on our voyage down the river, no one had been heard to complain of hardships or express fear of dangers to be encountered, and for my part I had come to feel as safe on the water as on the land. But at this camp I heard a remark that renewed my apprehension of danger. A drift-wood camp-fire was burning, and the women were about it doing the kitchen work (quite a roomy kitchen it was) and talking. I don't remember what they said, except that my Aunt Cynthia (Uncle Jesse Applegate's wife) said: "There is going to be a death in the family," or words to that effect. She pointed upward and added: "See that raven flying over the camp."

I was lying upon the sand, and, hearing the remark, looked up and saw a black bird, a raven or crow, flying about 100 feet over us and going in the direction of the river. This thing of reading the future from the flight of birds was then new to me, and, as my aunt's countenance, gesture and tone of voice bespoke alarm and distress, the event made a lasting impression upon my mind. And yet the prediction must have been passed over lightly, for, at the time the calamity overtook us a few days later, I never thought of the omen and did not hear anyone speak of it.

Occasionally we saw Indians on the river in canoes. Their canoe was wrought out of a single log, cut from a pine, cedar or fir tree, and was excavated mostly by burning; but the finishing work was done with edged tools, originally of stone and bone, but now of iron and steel. The canoes on the upper river were shapely and neatly-finished, but quite plain in appearance and generally large enough for only two or three persons.

I was wide awake when we came in sight of Mount Hood. When we had reached a point on the river where they said we would get a first sight of it, I was on the look out for it, but was scanning the sky in the direction where it was supposed to be and did not see it. Someone said to me, "What are you looking for up there?" "Mount Hood," I answered. "Well, it ain't up in the sky," they said. "Looked

toward the earth and saw an immense mass of snow, as wide across as the biggest cornfield I had ever seen. The mountain appeared to be only a few miles away, and yet the wide expanse of snow could frequently be seen through gaps between the hills as we passed down the river.

Mount Hood was, after all, only a snow covered hill. How did I account for the hill's being always snow-clad? Well, I didn't account for it at all. It may be I never thought of that, or it may be that I thought it was God's white throne or footstool, or that it was a miracle God had provided to show men his contempt for the laws of nature. Remember now I was looking at the scenery through the inexperienced eyes of a six-year-old boy. The realization of what we see depends very much upon what we already know. Of course, I was yet a novice in perspective. I saw it as a child, and my understanding was at fault.

We had an Indian pilot, probably selected by McKinley at Fort Walla Walla, although I do not positively remember noticing the pilot before we entered the rapids we were now approaching. At the head of these rapids the river bears from a west course a little northerly, making a very gradual curve. As we approached this bend, I could hear the sound of rapids, and presently the boat began to rise and fall and rock from side to side. When we began to make the turn, we could see breakers ahead extending in a broken line across the river, and the boat began to sweep along at a rapid rate. The pilot squatted low in the boat's bow, an old red handkerchief around his head and his long, black hair hanging down his back.

There were now breakers on the right and on the left, and occasionally foam-crested waves swept across our bows. The motion of the boat had never been so excitingly delightful before. It was an exaggeration of the cradle and the grapevine swing combined. I began to think this was no ordinary rapid, but felt reassured when I noticed that the old people sat quietly in their places and betrayed no fear.

But did the babes in arms, rocked on the heaving bosom of the great river and lulled by the medley of sounds, fall asleep, they soon awoke to hear their mother's shriek. Our boat was now about twenty yards from the right hand shore, and, looking across the river, we saw a smaller boat about opposite to us near the south bank. The persons in this boat were Alexander McClellan, a man about 70 years of age; William Parker, probably 21; William Doak, about the same age; three boys, Elisha Applegate, aged about 11, and Warren and Edward Applegate, each about eight years of age.

This boat, it would seem, should have followed our own, as the pilot was with us, and this was the dangerous part of the river. But there was little time to consider mistakes or to be troubled about what might be their consequences, for presently there was a wail of anguish, a shriek, and a scene of confusion in our boat that no language can describe. The boat we were watching disappeared, and we saw the men and boys sprawling in the water. Father and Uncle Jesse, seeing their children drowning, were seized with frenzy, and, dropping their oars, sprang up from their seats and were about to leap from the boat to make a desperate effort to swim to them, when mother and Aunt Cynthia, in voices that were distinctly heard above the roar of the rushing waters, by

commands and entreaties, brought them to a realization of our own perilous situation and the madness of trying to reach the other side of the river by swimming. This was fifty-seven years ago, and yet the words of that frantic appeal by the women, which saved our boat and two families from certain and speedy destruction, are fresh in my memory. They were: "Men, don't quit the oars; if you do, we will all be lost."

The men returned to their oars just in time to avoid, by great exertion, a rock against which the current dashed with such fury that the foam and froth upon its apex was as white as milk. I sat on the right-hand side of the boat, and the rock was so near that I could have put my hand on it, had we not passed so quickly.

Having escaped the present danger, the next thought was to effect a landing at the earliest possible moment, but the shore was rock-bound, rising several feet perpendicularly and presenting a serrated line of jagged points against which the rapid current fretted and frothed, and the waves, rearing their foam-flecked heads aloft, rushed to destruction like martial squadrons upon an invincible foe.

Ah! This half-hour's experience—this scene so wild, so commotional, so fearful and exciting, were worth years of ordinary life, had not death been there!

Lower down the river, there was a break in the line of the shore, and here the boat was landed, the women and children going ashore. It has often been said that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and it is true, for an author manufacturing a story will avoid what would appear to be absurd; but in telling a true story, facts must be stated regardless of appearances. This is a case in point, for it is a fact that just as our boat touched the shore, father grabbed his gun from its place in the boat to shoot our Indian pilot, but he had disappeared, a fact which, under the excitement of landing the boat, father had not noticed. In fact, it seemed that no one had noted his disappearance or knew what had become of him. We never knew.

A suspicion seems to have been aroused only a few minutes before our boat landed that our pilot meant treachery, intending to lead us into these rapids with the expectation that the whole party would be drowned. If there was evidence to justify this suspicion, I never heard what it was, and can only attribute it to the delirium of excessive grief and the natural inclination to blame someone for the great calamity. I presume that the first impulse was to hold the pilot responsible and execute vengeance upon him; and, carried forward by the intense excitement, which amounted to frenzy, there was no time for reflection.

From the south shore of the river

Worry And Overwork Caused Nervous Prostration—Completely Worn Out. Dr. Miles' Nervine Cured Me.

Dr. Miles' Nervine will cure nervous prostration. It will bring sweet sleep and rest; it will relieve the mind of the tendency to worry; it will make the nerves strong and the patient well. It has cured thousands. It will cure you. Try it to-day. "Some years ago I was stricken with nervous prostration caused by overwork and worry. I was in such a weakened, exhausted, run-down condition that I was unable to do my housework. I felt too weak and tired to even make calls on my neighbors. Frequently when out driving I would become so exhausted that it seemed that I would die before I reached home. I was also troubled with sinking spells at night which left me so weak that I thought I could not live until morning. I was in this deplorable condition when one day Dr. Miles' Nervine was brought to my notice. I had little faith in proprietary remedies but determined to give the Nervine a trial. After the second dose of the Restorative Nervine I was able to sit at the table and eat a meal, something I had been unable to do for many days. I have since taken a number of bottles of Nervine. I consider myself cured. I am doing my own work and give Dr. Miles' Nervine credit for my general good health. My object in writing this is to recommend your medicine but I cannot write as strongly as I feel."—Miss Anna V. Yankel, 405 E. Marion St., Guthrie, Oklahoma.

there was a level tract of ground running back to the hill probably fifty yards wide and extending along the river a considerable distance. Many Indians were seen there—a few mounted on ponies—and some in canoes along the shore were seen to put out after the floating bedding, clothes and various articles of furniture from the foudered boat. It was said that the Indians did not show any desire or make any attempt to assist the people in the water.

William Doak could not swim, and had taken hold of a feather bedtick which carried him safely to the foot of the rapids, between which and what was called the main dales there was a short interval of quiet water. Here Mr. Doak floated, clinging to the bedtick. The Indians passed by him in their canoes, and, though he called for help, did not offer any assistance. He was picked up by one of our boats as he was about to enter the second rapids.

The appearance of so many Indians at the time may have encouraged the suspicion of treachery against the pilot, but I learned afterwards that there was a large Indian town in that vicinity, so the appearance of many Indians was not significant.

A fact favorable to the good faith of our pilot is that but one boat was lost, and if it had followed the pilot it would have been safe. It is very probable that those who had the management of the boat intended to follow in the track of the pilot boat, but at the time they entered the rapids their boat was caught in a strong current bearing toward the south shore, and, when they saw they were being swept away from the safe channel indicated by the pilot boat, were unable to pass across to that side on account of the intervening shoaly bed of the river.

While we were walking along the river bank, someone came and told us that Parker, Doak and brother Elisha were safe, but that McClellan and the two boys, Warren and Edward, could not be found. Looking from where we were, a person could get but a very imperfect knowledge of the tragic scene on the other side of the river, but those who escaped said that as their boat was being swept down the rapids it was caught by one of those currents, which, whirling like a cyclone in the air, increase in velocity as the radius of the circle diminishes, until with a roaring noise it seems to sink, forming an open, funnel-shaped vacuum in the water to the bottom of the river—often called a whirlpool. After being spun around for a few seconds, the boat was swallowed up in the roaring vortex.

The boat came up presently and all the crew except Warren Applegate succeeded in getting into it; but very soon it was caught by another whirlpool and swallowed up again to be seen no more. The last time the boat went down end foremost, the boy Elisha climbed to the upper end and leaped as far as he could to avoid being taken down with it. When he rose to the surface, he struck out boldly for a rock island a short distance below, and avoiding the force of the waves by diving under them, reached the island in an almost exhausted condition.

The boy Warren was never seen after the boat went down the first time. The old man McClellan was last seen trying to reach the head of the island where Parker and Young Applegate were. He had placed Edward on a couple of oars, and, carrying him this way, was trying to reach the shore; but, being hampered by a heavy coat and boots, he could gain no headway, and man and boy disappeared under a projecting cliff and were seen no more. The brave old soldier could have saved himself, but would not abandon the boy, and both went down together.

[This is the end of Mr. Applegate's memoirs. Feeling assured, however,

that the readers of the OBSERVER will be desirous of following the fortunes of this band of pioneers through to Polk county, we have asked Mr. Applegate to contribute one more chapter, covering the trip of the party from The Dalles to Oregon City and then up into the Willamette Valley. If the old gentleman's eyesight has not failed so that he is unable to use a pen, we feel confident that he will comply with our request at no distant date.—EDITORS.]

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Clark, of Rickreall, were in Dallas, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otho Williams were Portland visitors over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stiles went to Portland Thursday morning to spend Christmas with relatives.

Presiding Elder Henry Spiess will preach at the M. E. Church, South, on Wednesday, December 30, at 7:30 o'clock.

Chester P. Gates, who was in Albany Friday to represent Dallas College in the formation of the Intercollegiate Basketball Association of Oregon, and who was chosen President of the Association, returned to his home in Dallas Saturday.—Albany Herald.

Thomas S. Hunsaker, temperance lecturer and singing evangelist, will speak at the Christian church in this city Monday evening. His subject will be "Uncle Sam's Golden Calf," and the admission will be free. On Tuesday evening he will speak on the subject of "Heroism," and an admission fee of 15 cents for children and 25 cents for adults will be charged. Mrs. Hunsaker accompanies her husband, and will take part in the singing.

The W. O. W. boys who went to Dallas Tuesday night report a very good time, with a good house, but on the way home, when within one mile of town one of the springs on the wagon in which they were riding broke, and they were compelled to walk the remainder of the distance. Too bad, but it was good exercise and they will enjoy being home that much more.—McMinnville Telephone-Register.

At the regular session of Lyon Lodge, No. 29, A. F. & A. M. held Saturday evening the following officers were elected: W. M. A. S. Locke; S. W., H. Hirschberg; J. W., Clarence Wagner; Treas., H. H. Jasper; Sec., R. R. Parrish; Tyler, I. H. Ingram; S. D., O. D. Butler; J. D., Chas. Cliff; Stewards, E. L. Ketchum and M. Dickinson.—Independence Enterprise.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 904-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

WEST CAN STAND ALONE

Eastern Financial Panic No Longer Effect Middle and Western States.

For long years the West has been recognized as the hewer of wood and the drawer of water from the East. It has grown to be recognized as the granary of the whole country. But like all new sections it was a borrowing section which depended upon the East for its financial sustenance and with out that it could do little. But in the past three or four years a change quite as significant in its way as a revolution has come. The West has paid off its debts, it has money in the bank and it is standing on its own financial bottom. The test and proof of its financial stability and its right to recognition upon equal terms with the older communities, has come during the present financial stringency in the East. Whether considered from the standpoint of periodicity or the outward and evident signs of commercial reaction, the country should now be undergoing the dislocating throes of a panic. Stocks have gone to pieces, confidence insofar as it receives its impulse from Wall street has been destroyed and some of the mighty names of finance, names we were wont to conjure with, have been dragged in the mire and bracketed with the coarsest and rawest of stock gamblers.

And yet there is no panic. It is because of the financial stability of the West. It has been making no hypothetical fortunes based on watered stocks, it has been indulging in no wildcat speculations and whatever it has possessed in the coin of the realm. The backbone of the country, the farmers, are out of debt. They have products on hand and they have money in the banks. They are asking no odds of anyone, and if there are favors to extend many of them are extending them. Therefore the West in this emergency has become the financial balance wheel of the country; it has earned its right to stand squarefooted and face to face with the East on terms of perfect equality. In the vast forward movement which is now in progress and which is preliminary to and has forced the building of the Isthmian canal, it is the South and the West which will be most largely stimulated.—Portland Journal.

At LaGrande last week a miniature war took place between 150 Greeks and the citizens of that town. The Greeks had been in the employ of the O. R. & N. Co., and on account of incompetency, 50 of them were discharged. The remaining 100 quit work and with the others demanded railway passes to Portland. This was refused by the officials and they then attempted to storm the depot, but the city marshal, aided by citizens, drove the mob to their camp outside the town. Nineteen pistol shots were fired, two of the Greeks being wounded.

The last census returns show that of a total of 413,536 people in Oregon in the year 1900, 4.19 per cent were from Missouri; 4.09 per cent from Illinois, and 3.80 per cent from Iowa. Next in point of contributing to Oregon's population was Ohio, while California, New York and Indiana were not far behind. Florida has furnished us less people than any other state in the Union, her contribution being only 86. The territory of Alaska, with 84, was at the foot of the list. The large percentage of people from Missouri is not surprising when it is remembered that Oregon was first settled by Missourians, and emigration from that state to the Pacific Coast continued heavy until late in the '60s. Oregon also received large additions to her populations from Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, New York and Indiana in the early days. Later the tide of immigration set in from the Northern states, and the last ten years have shown surprising gains in the number of settlers furnished by Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. At the present time, these states as well as Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma, are contributing heavily to our population, while the influx of settlers from the older states continues steady.

MISSOURI STILL LEADS

Has Furnished More People to Oregon Than Any Other State.

Has Furnished More People to Oregon Than Any Other State.

Has Furnished More People to Oregon Than Any Other State.

Has Furnished More People to Oregon Than Any Other State.

Has Furnished More People to Oregon Than Any Other State.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

LARGER QUARTERS NEEDED

Postoffice Department Wants Bids For New Postoffice at Independence.

Last week the postoffice inspector was in Independence and authorized Postmaster Merwin to secure bids for a furnished postoffice, with all new improvements, according to contract specifications, for a period of five years. The building is to be supplied with a fire and burglar proof safe or vault, closets, heating and lighting apparatus, free delivery furniture, chairs, etc. Several parties are figuring on the proposition and it is hard to tell where it will be located. The location will be decided by the inspector who will again be here in a few days, and make his decision as to the most satisfactory and best bid.—Independence Enterprise.

In the city election at Monmouth Monday three tickets were in the field. The contest was largely over the office of marshal. The following were elected: Mayor, J. H. Hawley; Recorder, J. E. Simpson; Marshal, W. O. Meader; Treasurer, Ira C. Powell; Councilmen, E. H. Hosner and M. Mulkey.

At LaGrande last week a miniature war took place between 150 Greeks and the citizens of that town. The Greeks had been in the employ of the O. R. & N. Co., and on account of incompetency, 50 of them were discharged. The remaining 100 quit work and with the others demanded railway passes to Portland. This was refused by the officials and they then attempted to storm the depot, but the city marshal, aided by citizens, drove the mob to their camp outside the town. Nineteen pistol shots were fired, two of the Greeks being wounded.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure rebuilds worn-out tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of W. Va. says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have found it to be a very effective and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends." Sold by Belt & Cherrington.

H. Hirschberg, the Independence banker, transacted business in Dallas, Monday.

One Hundred Dollars a Box

is the value H. A. Tisdale, Summerton, S. C. places on DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I had the piles for 20 years. I tried many doctors and medicines, but all failed except DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cured me." It is a combination of the healing properties of Witch Hazel with anti-septics and emollients; relieves and permanently cures blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, sores, cuts, bruises, eczema, salt rheum and all skin diseases. Sold by Belt & Cherrington.

Played Out.

Dull Headache, Pains in various parts of the body, Sticking at the PIT of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Feverishness, Pimples or Sores are all positive evidences of impure blood. No matter how it became so, it must be purified in order to obtain good health. Ackers' Blood Purifier has never failed to cure Scrofulous or Syphilitic poisons, or any other blood disease. It is certainly a wonderful remedy and we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Belt & Cherrington, Dallas, Oregon.

DYSPEPSIA CAN BE CURED BY using Ackers' Dyspepsia Tablets. One Little Tablet will give immediate relief or money refunded. Sold in handsome tin boxes at 25 cents. Belt & Cherrington, Dallas, Oregon.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST teacher. Use Ackers' English Remedy in any case of coughs, cold or croup. Should it fail to give immediate relief, money refunded. 25 cts. and 50 cts. Belt & Cherrington, Dallas, Oregon.

RICK HEADACHE ABSOLUTELY and permanently cured by using Moki Tea. A pleasant herb drink. Cures constipation and indigestion, makes you eat, sleep, work and happy. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 25 cts. and 50 cts. Belt & Cherrington, Dallas, Oregon.

ACKERS' DYSPEPSIA TABLETS are sold on a positive guarantee. Cures heartburn, raising of the food, distress after eating or any form of dyspepsia. One little tablet gives immediate relief. 25 cts. and 50 cts. Belt & Cherrington, Dallas, Oregon.