

# The Times-Herald.

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## TO CUT OUT RANGE LAND

### RICHARDS' POLICY AS TO GRAZING ON RESERVES.

#### Inspection to be Made This Summer and Area not Needed for Forests May be Thrown Open Again.

Oregonian News Bureau, Washington, April 25.—Land Commissioner Richards has decided upon a plan of western Forest-reserve inspection which has the unqualified approval of Secretary Hitchcock, by which it is expected the principal cause of complaint against the creation and extension of forest reserves will be overcome. Mr. Richards recognizes that the most troublesome feature in the management of forest reserves comes from determined efforts made by sheep owners to be allowed to graze their herds within forest reserve at will. In Oregon and a few other states sheep grazing has always been allowed under restrictions, but in many states it is prohibited.

Owing to the hurried manner in which reserves have heretofore been established, large areas were included not essentially to the preservation of the forests or the conservation of water supply, but which are valuable for grazing purposes. In many instances these areas, which contain no timber, are so situated that they can be easily eliminated, and in the opinion of Commissioner Richards such lands should be taken from the reserves. The recent enlargement of the Yellowstone reserve in Wyoming gave rise to much complaint against restrictions placed upon sheep grazing within that territory.

The cattlemen whose herds were allowed unrestricted access to the reserved ranges have, on the other hand, urged a continuance of the Government policy. Both parties have made strong showings before the department, and to adjust their differences the Commissioner has made temporary arrangements by which sheep owned in the vicinity of reserves shall be allowed to graze within its limits. The sheepmen however, contend that this privilege should be extended to them permanently.

With a view to definitely determining the justice of the claims of both sheep and cattlemen, Mr. Richards has ordered an inspection of forest reserves, with a surveying party to assist the superintendent in locating and marking a new boundary line of the Yellowstone reservation, to exclude all lands not essential to forest preservation. If the plan works successfully in this reserve, it is the intention of the department to follow it out upon all reserves.

Mr. Richards' plan is not entirely approved by some other Government officials, who contend that the ranges are better protected within a forest reserve than if they remain open to all. They predict that unrestricted grazing will eventually destroy such ranges, and therefore they oppose the new policy. However, the experiment will be tried in the Yellowstone reserve, adjoining the National Park, and the extension or abandonment of the policy depends altogether upon the results in Wyoming.

In the case of the proposed Blue mountain reserve, in Eastern Oregon, no definite policy has been laid down, but it is believed that when the reserve is created sheep grazing will be permitted under much the same conditions as prevailed in the Cascade reserve. Some summer range will be included within the limits of the new reserve.

#### GRAVE OUTLOOK FOR THE SHEEP.

#### "Big Head" Has Made Its Appearance in The West.

The condition of the sheep industry in some parts of Utah, Idaho and Eastern Nevada may well cause alarm among the flockmasters, says the Salt Lake Herald. The deadly disease known as osteo-

sarcoma, or "big head," has made its appearance among the animals, and the result is that they are dying by hundreds, in some cases by thousands. Coming as it does on the heels of a particularly hard winter, the outlook for the sheepmen is decidedly discouraging.

"Big head" is a malady that fortunately does not make its appearance very often. As its scientific name indicates, it is a lumpy, tumorous growth which appears about the head and neck of the afflicted animal, spreading down into the legs and eventually running into necrosis, with results that are invariably fatal. By some authorities the disease is said to be highly contagious, while others contend that it cannot be communicated from one sheep to another.

The safest plan, when the men who are supposed to know differ, is to quarantine the infected bands. The moment a sheep shows signs of osteosarcoma it should be segregated from the rest and kept segregated until death ends its suffering. We are told that healthy sheep are not so liable to be attacked as those that are not healthy. This is accounted for by the fact that the disease is an outgrowth of impoverished blood.

That accounts for its appearance at this time. The sheep, except those that have had specially favored ranges, have been subjected to many unusual hardships during the winter just ended. The weather has been cold, the snow has been deep and the ranges poor. Animals that survived the snow and the storms, the cold and the lack of sustenance, are in no condition to withstand the ravages of "big head."

Those attacked by it succumb within a few hours. The veterinarians who consider it contagious would seem to have the better of the argument, for the reason that there are few instances where, unless diligent precautionary measures were taken, only a small percentage of the flocks in which the disease gets a foothold die.

#### IRRIGATIONISTS TO MEET AT BAKER CITY.

Word has just been received from Portland that it has not been forgotten there that at the meeting last fall of the State Irrigation Association the members of that organization accepted the invitation of the Baker City people to hold the semi-annual meeting at Baker City in June, says the Democrat. It seems that the matter rests with the Baker County Irrigation Association to complete the arrangements.

It is estimated that about 250 delegates from Portland will attend the Baker City convention if it is pulled off and the railroad company will make a reasonable rate for the occasion. It has not been definitely stated just what the O. R. & N. will do, but it is understood that they will make a very cheap rate and run a special train of Pullman cars to Baker City in which the delegates will sleep on the side track at Baker during the nights they spend here. This is a magnificent opportunity for Baker City to show its hospitality and secure the direct assistance of Portland people in our project for government irrigation.

Eastern Oregon and Portland are natural allies, and the talk about opposition and jealousy and selfishness and bigotry is all bosh. Portland is not only politically friendly to Eastern Oregon, but is bound up with us in a commercial way closer than most people think.

Portland is the natural point of shipment for the products of the inland empire and her prosperity depends in a large measure upon our co-operation and that of the O. R. & N. company and other transportation lines in the Columbia river basin.

Southern Oregon is almost a distinct state. Its interests, as well as the interests of a large portion of the Willamette valley, are tied up with the Southern Pacific, whose center of operation and greatest activity are at San Francisco. That company is doing magnificent work in the development of the Willamette and Rogue river valleys, but their geographical location of necessity benefits San Francisco somewhat more than Portland.

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#### PLANNING TO COME NORTH

#### NEUADA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON READY TO COME.

#### Work on the Line From Madeline Northward Expected to be Started as Soon as Possible.

Decided activity is being shown of late by the Nevada, California & Oregon Railroad Company toward projecting its line into the South Central Oregon territory. This line has for a long time been contemplating an extension of its line northward to Lakeview, from which point it can tap the section farther north, says the Portland Telegram.

The line now extends from Reno, Nev., in a slightly northwesterly direction to Madeline, Cal. The territory now occupied is very productive and an extremely good business country from a railroad standpoint. The extension to Lakeview presents no engineering difficulties, but is an extremely easy route.

The line has already been surveyed and as planned will go through a productive section and one rich in agricultural resources. A little north of Madeline is Alturas, a small farming town, that offers good inducements to the proposed line. Beyond this the line will follow along the east shore of Goose Lake to Lakeview. This is as far as the road is planned for the immediate future, but there is a plan on foot to extend it farther north, possibly to unite with the Columbia Southern or have an independent terminus of its own.

From Lakeview there are several routes suggested, either one of which offers wonderful advantages and promising business to the road. There is a possibility that the line will be projected to Burns, to tap the rich ranching country around this town. There is also a promise that the line will go to Klamath Falls, which has been mentioned as the terminus of the line that is about to be built from Madeline.

Whichever town will be chosen as the terminus of the road will give this line an undisputed field for business, unless some of the northern lines build south as far as the California boundary. This will

give San Francisco practically the monopoly of the trade in South-Central Oregon and possibly farther north. That this condition is not desired by the Portland business men is without question.

San Francisco business men are behind the new line and are forcing the project ahead as fast as possible, in order to get on the inside in the Oregon business. This invasion of the Portland territory is looked upon here as critical, and business men are beginning to consider what can be done. The Columbia Southern proposes to go 100 miles farther south this year, but this is not far enough to retain the control of the extreme southern business, which can be made greater than that at present controlled.

Portland business men are now considering it necessary to aid the Columbia Southern in its southward movement and encourage it to go still farther than now planned.

They argue that there is plenty of capital here to build the road to the California line and thus retain Oregon's business for Oregon's wholesalers.

A California railroad man, who is in the city today, quietly looking up the conditions here, intimates that the Nevada, California & Oregon road will begin its northward move in a very short time and when once begun the San Francisco

wholesalers will not let it stop until they have an opportunity to secure more business in the section indicated. There is plenty of capital behind the line, he says, and it is going through with dispatch when work actually begins. Just when that will start is not known at present, but he suggests that it may be at any day.

Try Cream of Wheat, a delicious breakfast food—at Huston's.

#### OLD KENESAW'S LAST BATTLE

The Story of a Dying Veteran.

BY CHARLES B. YOUNGER.

"Old Kenesaw is dying!"

Had some careless attendant left a door or window open that winter morning and allowed the bitterly cold wind to sweep through the corridors and wards of the great hospital, there would have been no more slandering among the hundreds of patients than was caused by this whisper, passed rapidly from cot to cot, from nurse to nurse, speeding across to be disseminated among the hundreds of students in the adjoining buildings.

"Old Kenesaw is dying!"

The attending physician, summoned hastily by the alarming symptoms, had stopped but a moment to band his hands over his cap and usher to the receiving nurse. A glance into the contorted, agonized face of the venerable patient, a touch of the pulse, the briefest study of the paroxysms that were but the surface indications of the terrible torture within, and the doctor turned away with a look of utter despair and helplessness.

"No hope, doctor?" The head nurse had witnessed other death struggles, and it is said that nurses become used to such scenes. But the girl's interpretation of the doctor's manner left her presenting a picture of abject misery. "Oh, dear, dear, to think that kind Old Kenesaw must suffer so!"

Through her wet eyes she looked at the poor, wasted old body writhing and twisting upon the cot. "Oh, doctor, if you are quite sure he cannot recover, is there no way—can't you make the end less painful?"

Dr. Blank had turned away from the scene and was looking vacantly out of the window. If he made no immediate response to the nurse's appeal, it was because he was revolving the same perplexing problem in his own mind. Although he had grown gray in the hospital service, Dr. Blank was for the first time face to face with a most violent case of angina pectoris, but he recognized it as hopeless beyond all human means.

What could be done to ease Old Kenesaw in a losing struggle with death? The battle could end but one way, and it was tearing the very heart from the victim and subjecting him to the worst torture man can experience.

As the hypochondriac had turned away from the room, Dr. Blank met the new arrival, John Wilbert Alnsley, the celebrated hypnotist. There was a hasty conversation in whispers, a brief history of the life of the patient, and Professor Alnsley knew what was expected of him. "We must hurry," said Dr. Blank, "and, for God's sake, Alnsley don't fail!"

The hypnotist nodded his head, and the two men noiselessly entered the room. The great specialist recognized in this a supreme test of his skill and resolved that his brilliant record should not suffer. He stepped briskly to the bedside and took the wrinkled hand of the patient in his own. Then, without a word, he gazed fixedly into the eyes of the dying man.

The veteran, half unconscious by reason of the terrible pain he was suffering, at first paid no heed to the powerful figure bending over him. For a few moments he groaned and tossed about, but slowly, surely, the stronger one was gaining the mastery.

Old Kenesaw now glanced into the penetrating eyes and turned away, but again he looked and again. He seemed powerless to look elsewhere. Gradually the moaning ceased; he became less frantic. Presently the body was motionless. The thin lips moved, but no sound came from them. Only his rapid, labored breathing could be heard.

Thus far the hypnotist had said nothing. His dominating mind and intent gaze alone had silenced the cries of pain, quieted the tortured body and made the mind of his subject insensible to the terrible process that was fast bringing his life to an end. But a was going further. Seizing both the patient's hands in his own, he shouted

"Here comes, come! Wake up, Come, come, it will never do to lie there! Come on, or the ambulance corps will be picking you up! The bullet stunned you, old man. Come on! They need us at the front. Don't you hear the cannon booming and the rifles cracking? Kenesaw! Kenesaw! Kenesaw! Hooyay, we've got 'em on the run!"

The illusion had gone home. As the dying veteran listened to these startling words he drew himself up to a sitting posture and passed his wrinkled old hands over his glazing eyes as if to remove something that was obscuring his vision. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his pale face, and an unearthly fire came into his eyes. The lips that had failed a few minutes before now found utterance:

"Hist! Is that you, Cottrell, old pard? Give me your hand! Thought I had lost you in that last charge. No, no; it don't hurt now; jest a scratch. Where's our company? Sure! That's our guidon half way up the mountain. Hooyay! Give it to 'em, boys! Come on, Cott; give me your hand, old pard! It seems like a bit smoky, but come on; we've got 'em on the run. Hooyay! Hooyay!"

As the final shout of triumph came from his lips he sank back upon the pillow, and the sweet smile lingered on the furrowed old face told that he had died happy. Old Kenesaw had fought his last battle.—Clarke Herald.

"Old Kenesaw is dying!"

Never was a man more truly loved. Many years before he had come to the hospital suffering from old age and the ailments contracted in the southern swamps during four years' service in the civil war. Broken in health, without a home or relative, depending upon his scanty pension to hold strong soul and shattered body together, he drifted into the free clinic and asked for treatment. As "No. 74" he had first come known to the nurses and internees, but after he had related his war experiences to them and had told and retold with glistening eyes of his greatest battle his title was changed to Old Kenesaw Mountain and in time to Old Kenesaw.

When Old Kenesaw enlisted with the army of patients, it was thought he would eventually be relieved and discharged. After two months of constant suffering he was again fairly comfortable, but he evinced no desire to depart from the hospital, and, in fact, no one wanted him to go. He had become a sort of general factotum, and his services were regarded as well worth his bed and board.

Old patients and new internees, nurses, medical students, the entire hospital staff and even the visitors at the institution came to know him familiarly. His slow, shuffling step and the cheery click of his cane on the hardwood floors were as familiar as the scheduled visits of the nurses and always as welcome, if not more so.

Old Kenesaw had access to every nook and corner of the hospital. The patients drew inspiration from his kindly old face, and his stories of camp and battle served as a tonic.

To the children in the hospital Kenesaw was the incarnation of all that was good, kind and helpful. He was their chum, their never failing friend. He would creep to the cots of the little sufferers, chase away thoughts of pain and bring smiles to their wan faces with his inexhaustible fund of stories.

Once when a child, scaling the dizzy heights between life and death, had cried for some solace, it was of record that Old Kenesaw had trudged eight miles to find a large bunch of the flaxen yellow flowers and placed them where the child could see them. He lured the little patients to sleep with his quaint old lullabies when nurses' words and doctors' opiates had failed. Small wonder they all loved

him.

Services at Christian Science Hall every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Service Wednesday evenings at 8. Subject for Sunday, May 3, "Adam and Fallen Man."

Rev. A. J. Irwin will preach at Harney the second Sunday of each month at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sabbath school every sabbath at 2 p.m.

Sunday school at Harney the first Sunday of each month at 10 o'clock a.m. On the second, third and fourth Sundays of each month at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sabbath school at 10 a.m. every Sabbath morning.

Preaching services at the Baptist church every 1st and 2nd Sundays, morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday at 11 a.m. prayer meeting every Thursday evening.

Old Kenesaw, the friend, the confidant.

The shadow that had fallen over the hospital when his fatal illness was announced was momentarily lifted. There was unusual activity in the halls. An attendant had driven Dr. Blank's horse to the entrance almost at a gallop. A tall man with coal black hair and piercing black eyes jumped out and hastened into the building. A nurse was waiting to show him to the patient's side.

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"Send for Alnsley. Take my horse and buggy and get him here quickly as possible."

Then, as an interne hastened through the hall to carry out these instructions, the sad news spread over the great buildings, whispered by nurse to nurse, by patient to his neighbor in the next cot:

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