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JIMMIE GENTRY'S BEST RIDE

SAVED HIS COMRADES FROM BEING KILLED BY INDIANS.

His Experiences in Lorrying the Mails and Important Messages During the Indian Wars.

(Paul De Laney in Oregon Daily Journal)

Jimmie Gentry of Burns is the most noted rider of olden times in the Pacific Northwest. His record is well known by all of the old-timers and is told today throughout that vast section of country.

Now more than 70 years of age, he mopes around the town of Burns from day to day, lives off the best that is going, drinks the best liquors and is a welcome guest everywhere, though it costs him not a cent. He is very feeble, his fortune has long since disappeared, but the good people of Burns and Harney county will never see "old Jimmie" suffer.

Jimmie Gentry was born in Missouri in 1832 and came to this country while a mere boy. He never weighed over 130 pounds and weighs less than that amount now. He is slightly paralyzed in the lower limbs, but gets about town in his regular rounds of visiting and always wears a smile and has a pleasant word for those he meets.

He was known by the Indians throughout Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Washington and California as the "Disappearing Coyote." As recently expressed by an old chief of those days: "You see him and then you don't see him. He came galloping his horse across the plains, we start for him, then we find him no more. He sinks into the ground."

"I am not, and never was a broncho buster," said the old man to a Journal representative. "My record was as a long distance rider and successful rider, in carrying the mails of early days and in carrying important messages from place to place in the shortest time."

Then he told his experiences in carrying the mails from California to Salt Lake, of carrying the mails at many other points through countries infested by warlike Indian tribes, of carrying messages for commanders in the Indian campaigns of this country, and a hundred and one other remarkable episodes on horseback.

He was in all of the Oregon Indian wars and is as familiar with the episodes of these early times as the average school boy is with his A. B. C.'s. He was a teamster at the battle of the lava beds and helped to haul away the dead after the famous Canby massacre. He was practically an eye witness to that terrible tragedy. He was with the first party that ever struck pick in the Canyon City mines and is familiar with the development of every resource of the country. He is also reliable in memory and statement, and what "old Jimmie" tells is regarded as Gospel truth.

His long rides are a part of the history of the early Indian wars. In 1879 he rode from Silver River in the Harney country to a point on the south fork of the John Day River, a distance of 124 miles, in 11 hours. He was carrying a message from Gen. Bernard to Gen. Howard. He made the trip from Canyon City to Camp Harney frequently in those early days in a day. The distance was 75 miles. He rode 700 miles, from Virginia City, Nev., to Salt Lake City, in 11 days. On this trip he had five horses and all of them fell dead from under him, except the last, which was as good as dead when he reached Salt Lake City.

"The secret of my success," said the old man, "was not so much in my extraordinary endurance, as it was in going about the matter intelligently. I always saved my horse for emergencies and when emergencies arose I put my horse to the full limit. I had to pass through Indian countries and I was never caught in my life when alone—I would not take company with me. They offered me an escort but I refused it. When I traveled I

avoided roads and never approached a dangerous section until I was sure I was safe. On approaching a section infested by Indians where I could get a long view in front I would dismount and take a large sedgebrush and hold it in front of me and crawling on hands and knees would reconnoiter the country. I often found Indians in this manner without them seeing me, and took another course. They would often report that I was coming on horseback and then when I would make one of these devours around them they were amazed, that is probably the reason they called me the "Disappearing Coyote."

"But it was on Powder River in the Yakima country that I consider that I did my best ride," said the old man. "I have often done long rides and good ones, but I never saved so many human lives as when I made the ride, or rather escape on Powder River. I was a member of Col. Shaw's volunteers and a detachment of 50 men was sent out on a scouting expedition. We had only gone 12 miles from camp when we reached a sort of basin surrounded by rimrocks. We had barely entered the place when the war-whoops of 400 Indians announced that we were surrounded. We kept up a desultory fire, but the enemy was in complete ambush and we could not do execution.

"There was no possible way to escape and some of the men actually cried. They knew that we would be killed within a day or two. The Indians were continually picking our men off, and there being 400 to our 50 and no chance at them, the result was easy to calculate. Then men were scarce at the camp and we could not expect any help from that source. They would not come unless they knew of our peril and they had no means of knowing this since they could not hear our guns.

"That night I caught my horse and prepared to leave for the camp. The boys urged me not to go. There was but one outlet and they knew the Indians had this thoroughly guarded. They said it would be certain death for me. I told them that I might as well die attempting to escape as to die hemmed in, and the commanding officer finally agreed that I should go.

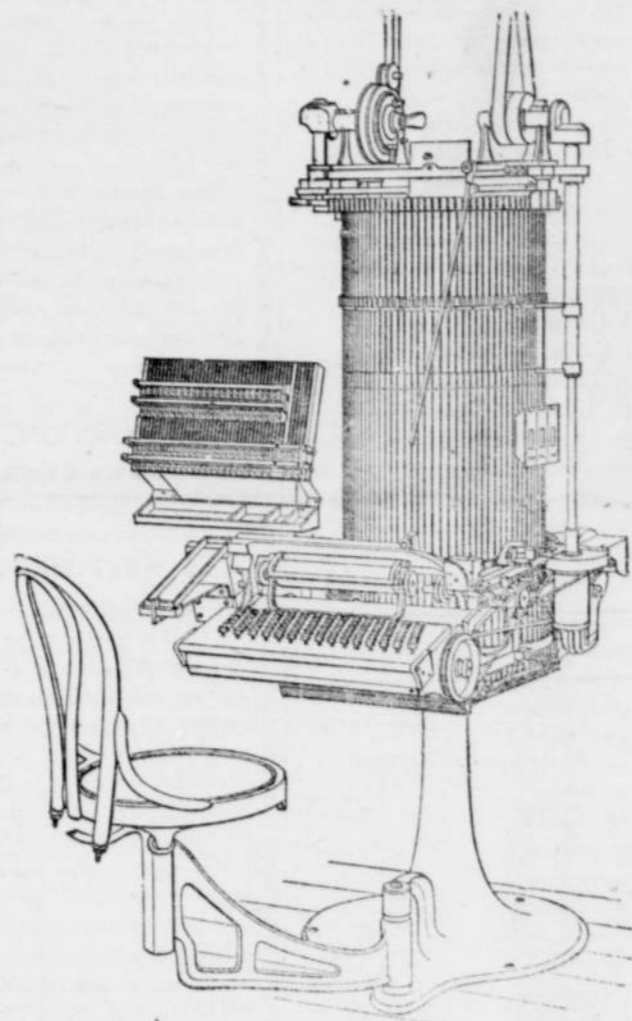
"I shall never forget that night, I dared not attempt to saddle or bridle my horse. I had a hair rope on him. I had seen the Indians horses grazing near the entrance to the place and took this point for my cue. I started out from the camp on all-fours, leading the horse behind. I would crawl the full length of the rope and then pull the horse up to me gradually, letting him graze as he came. By working tediously in this manner for several hours I reached the ground occupied by the Indians. I saw them standing and sitting diligently on guard. In fact, I came within a few feet of them. The horses were grazing about everywhere and they mistook my horse for one of their own.

"When I got beyond them you ought to have seen me ride. I simply set the ground afire. I reached the camp of the main band of soldiers and at day break we arrived and gave those Indians a surprise that they must have never forgotten."

Then a tear stilled down the old man's cheek as he continued: "Those comrades were the most grateful lot of boys you ever saw. They took me from my horse, when it was all over, and carried me about the camp until I was tired out. The old Oregon Volunteers were made out of the kind of stuff that appreciated favors in those days. There was no deception among them."

MONEY FOR SCHOOL DISTRICT.

Two school districts have made application to borrow money from the irrefusable state school fund, under the act of the last legislature, and these applications have been accepted. A number of other districts are making preparations to borrow money from the same source and it seems that the state land



The type-setting machine which The Times-Herald hopes soon to have in operation. This is not the latest improved machine like the Mergenthaler or Linotype, but a Thorne type-setting and distributing machine. With two operators it will do the work of ten compositors. In bringing the machine in from the railroad it was more or less damaged, having some very delicate parts easily broken. As soon as these extras can be secured and put in place the machine will be started.

board will be able to put out considerable money in this way. The district whose offers of bonds have been accepted are District No. 1, in Clatsop county, which will issue bonds to the amount of \$35,000, and District No. 2, in Wasco county, which will issue bonds to the amount of \$3,500. The loans will be made at 5 per cent interest. The usual rate for mortgage loans is 6 per cent, but the board does not find borrowers for the entire fund.

The act of the last legislature provided that whenever any school district desired to raise money by issuing bonds, it should be the duty of the district to offer the bonds to the state land board at not less than 5 per cent interest. The board has the option on the bonds at that rate, and if the bonds are found to be legally issued, may purchase them. If the state land board declines to purchase the bonds the district may then sell them in the market at the best terms that can be had.

Must Appear before Federal Grand Jury.

The troubles of Horace G. McKinley and Marie L. Ware, formerly United States Commissioner at Eugene, have apparently just begun, for at the conclusion of their two days' preliminary examination yesterday afternoon they found themselves tied up to bonds of

\$2000 each to await further attention by the Grand Jury, which meets in October. Miss Ware was prepared for the emergency and Dan W. Tarpley, a Eugene notary public, and Al. Walker, a saloon-keeper of the same town, who is also Miss Ware's cousin, were on hand to furnish the necessary bond, while Mr. McKinley, less thoughtful, will be given until tomorrow to supply ways and means for a temporary release.

After the noon recess yesterday the arguments of the opposing council were begun, the defendants making no effort to offset with testimony the convincing showing which the Government had made against them.—Oregonian.

FENCES MUST COME DOWN.

Edward Dixon, a special agent of the interior department, is now in Eastern Oregon warning cattlemen and others who have fenced in government lands to tear down the obstructions. Those who fail to obey Dixon's orders will be prosecuted, both civil and criminal proceedings being instituted. The instructions given Dixon are explicit. He is instructed to remain on the ground and personally superintend the work of cattlemen in destroying the fences built upon the domain. In the event anyone refuses to obey his instructions, he is instructed to

notify the district attorney's office at once and drastic measures will be taken to enforce the law. Over 500,000 acres of government land will be thrown into an entry by this action of federal officials in Malheur, Harney, Clatsop, Sherman, Lake and Crook counties. It is stated in many instances cattlemen have fenced in entire townships and are using them as their private ranges.

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Religious Services.

Services at Christian Science Hall every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Service Wednesday evenings at 8. Subject for Sunday, July 5 "God."

Rev. A. J. Irwin will preach at Harney the 2nd 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 Sunday of each month at 3 o'clock p. m. Preaching service every second Sunday at 8 p. m.

At the Presbyterian church Burns, Rev. A. J. Irwin pastor. Devine services the 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 3rd Sundays, morning and evening Sunday school every Sunday at 11 a. m. prayer meeting every Thursday evening.

JOHN McMULLEN

Photographer.

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H. H. TEST, Cashier.

Jim Dumps' physician once fell ill. Said he: "I'll have no draught or pill." Said Jim: "No, no, you're on the shelf. You who cure others, cure yourself." Then Jim sent up some "force" to him. "That's what he needs," quoth "Sunny Jim."

force

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