

Harney Valley Items.

VOL. 17.

H. D. McIntyre, Proprietor
Chas. N. Cochran, Editor and Manager.

BURNS, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

\$1.50 Per Year
Six Months 75 Cents.

NO. 42.

Geer & Cummins

Hardware of Every Description.

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GEO. FRY, Cashier.

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Secretary of State: F. I. Babler.

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Sup. Pub. Instruction: J. H. Ackerman.

State Printer: W. H. Leeds.

Supreme Judges: C. E. Wolverton, R. K. Hood, F. A. Moore.

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Prosecuting Attorney: Wm. Miller.

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Commissioners: F. I. Babler, Geo. Hagey.

Clerk: H. Richardson.

Sherriff: Geo. Shelley.

Treasurer: R. A. Miller.

Assessor: Joe Buchanan.

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Surveyor: Geo. Whitting.

Coroner: Dr. W. L. Marsden.

Stock Inspector: Lon Richardson.

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Justice of the Peace: D. Jamison.

Constable: Geo. Tregakis.

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Marshall: Jno. Cardwell.

Recorder: C. N. Biggs.

Treasurer: W. A. Gowan.

Councilmen: L. C. Foley, W. E. Trisch, Geo. Fry, Geo. Shelley.

Lodge Directory.

BURNS LODGE No. 70, K of P. Meets every Thursday night. F. M. Jordan, C. C. S. Mothershead, J. K. R. S.

BURNS CHAPTER, NO. 49, O. E. S. Meets second and fourth Monday of each month in Masonic hall, Voegtly building. Mrs. Maggie Levens, W. M. Mrs. Eunice Thompson, Sec.

BURNS LODGE, NO. 97, A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday on or before full moon. Qualified brothers fraternally invited. C. E. Kenyon, W. M. F. S. Rieder, Secy.

BURNS LODGE, NO. 91, A. O. U. W. Meets at Brown hall every Friday evening. Visiting brothers fraternally invited. Thos. Sagers, W. M. Chas. N. Cochran, Recorder.

HARNEY LODGE, NO. 77, I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday evening, Brown's hall. Visiting brothers fraternally invited. Frank O. Jackson, N. G. C. G. Smith, Secretary.

TULE CIRCLE, NO. 165, WOMEN OF Woodcraft. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday at Brown's hall. Mrs. Tillis Jordan, Mrs. Iona Whiting, Guardian, Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. K. McMULLEN, PHOTOGRAPHER. Burns, Oregon. Main St.—opposite Bank.

MARSDEN & GEARY, Physicians & Surgeons. Burns, Oregon. Office at residence, Thome 20.

H. KLEBS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Burns, Oregon. Office over Voegtly's hardware store, Main St.

BIGGS & BIGGS, Attorneys-at-Law. Burns, Oregon. Office in Bank building.

HAYES & BAXTON, Attorneys-at-Law. Burns, Oregon. Attorney for the school board.

A. W. GOWAN, Attorney-at-Law. Burns, Oregon. Land and collection business. Notary Public. Phone No. 1.

WILLIAMS & FITZGERALD, Attorneys at Law. Thornton Williams, M. Fitzgerald, Notary Public. Law, Notarial and Real Estate Practice. Burns, Oregon. Office in old Masonic building.

F. M. JORDAN, Practical Land Surveyor. Burns, Oregon.

S. W. MILLER, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Mortgages, Deeds, Etc., correctly made. Office at store. Burns, Oregon.

The Northwest Livestock and Wool Growers' Journal and Items.

OREGON LAND DECISION

Wagon Road Company Wins Out After Being Defeated Twice.

Washington, Sept. 1.—The Secretary of the Interior has disposed of two contests that have been brought against holdings of the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road Company, in the Burns land district, Oregon. In each case the contestant settled on the disputed lands after they had been withdrawn for the benefit of this company, under the provisions of a grant from the state. Settlement was made prior to survey, however, and the local land offices on that account allowed both entries, made by J. C. Foley and Harvey Dixon, respectively, to pass to patent. This action was affirmed by the General Land Office. The Secretary, however, reverses the former decision, holding that no rights could be acquired against the company by persons making a settlement or entry after the withdrawal of the lands for the benefit of the company.

Hope Eros, W. P. Keady, Walter Moore and a number of Portland capitalists have located 12,000 acres of oil fields about 20 miles northwest of Vale.

The governor has appointed Peter Hume, of Brownsville, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Frank Davey as a member of the State Board of Immigration.

Burdette Wolf, who murdered Miss Birdie Morton, a young girl to whom he was paying attentions, some years ago in the city of Portland, has been located in Peru, South America. He may be brought back for trial.

N. Brown, merchant, from Burns, dropped in to see us while on his way to Enisco where he spends his winters. Mr. Brown says Ontario has grown beyond all of his expectations in the last two or three years.—Ontario Argus.

Commissioner Young, of Baker City, a member of the Lewis and Clark Exposition commission, is agitating the question of calling an extra session of the legislature, for the purpose of passing a bill for an appropriation for the exposition.

The idea of organizing a State Board of Trade, with headquarters in Portland and branch offices in every town in Oregon, has become popular and the organization is now in process. This move is headed in the right direction. It will result in good to Oregon as a whole.

J. M. Kyle, a Salem produce dealer, is shipping potatoes to Kansas and Missouri this season, as owing to the dry weather in those states the early potatoes were ruined. The late potatoes will be a good crop, so that this market for Oregon potatoes will not last later than October 1.

Only two women in the United States may use the mails without paying for the privilege. These women are widows of former presidents. They are Mrs. Julia D. Grant and Mrs. Lucretia A. Garfield. All mail matters sent by Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant under their respective written autograph signatures, and all mail matters sent to these two ladies, will be carried free during their lives. No signatures or marks are necessary to free carriage of mail matter to either of these ladies, the address being sufficient. Mrs. Garfield has enjoyed the privilege since 1881 and Mrs. Grant since 1883.—Ex.

His Name Is Czolgoz.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—The police have just learned that the real name of the assassin is Leon Czolgoz. He was born in Detroit, and came here from Cleveland.

Czolgoz has signed a confession covering six pages of foolscap, and in which he states that he is an anarchist, and that he became an enthusiastic of a body through the influence of Emma Goldman, whose writings he had read, and whose lectures he had listened to.

He denies having any confederate, and says he decided on the act three days ago, and bought the revolver with which the act was committed in Buffalo. He has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland, and the Cleveland directory has the names of about that number living on Hosmer street and Euclid avenue, which adjoins. Some of them are butchers and others are employed in different trades. He is now detained at police headquarters pending the result of the President's injuries.

Czolgoz does not appear in the least degree uneasy or penitent for his action. He says he was induced, by his attention to Emma Goldman's lectures and writings, to decide that the present form of government in this country was all wrong and he thought the best way to end it was by killing the President. He shows no signs of insanity, but is very reticent about much of his career.

Ten Years For The Anarchist.

New York, Sept. 7.—President McKinley's recovery would mean that his would-be assassin could be confined in prison for 10 years, the maximum penalty under the penal code of New York State. Two methods of procedure could be adopted. The prisoner could be arraigned before a Justice of Erie County and could demand an examination and would have the right to council and time to prepare his defense. The prisoner could waive this formality and elect to go before the grand jury of Erie County. The grand jury then could find an indictment of assault in the first degree. An act of Congress providing a penalty for assault against the person of the President would, according to legal authorities, take precedence of the penal code of the State of New York in the case of the man who made the attempt on President McKinley's life. A search for such an enactment in Congress will be made. It would not be possible to inflict any greater punishment on the anarchist Czolgoz by any act of the Legislature fixing a more severe penalty for an attempt on the life of the President. The death of the President would result in the trial of the assailant for homicide, and his conviction would mean death in the electric chair.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., props. Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

STORY OF THE CRIME

The President Shot While Holding a Public Reception.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Just a brief 24 hours ago the newspapers of the city blazoned forth in all their pomp in headline type: "The Proudest Day in Buffalo's History." Tonight, in sackcloth and ashes, in somber type, surrounded by gruesome borders of black, the same newspapers are telling in funeral tones to a horrified populace the deplorable details of "the blackest day in the history of Buffalo."

President McKinley, the idol of the American people, the Nation's Chief Executive and the city's honored guest, lies prostrate, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullet of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance. Out on Delaware avenue, at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, with tearful face and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, sits the faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the Nation.

It was a few moments after 4 P. M., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the Temple of Music, on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell.

Standing in the midst of the crowds, numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of goodwill, pressed by a motley throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes all eager to clasp his hand—amid these surroundings, and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an army of sightseers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin came, and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury, and pandemonium followed.

Tonight a surging, swaying, eager multitude throngs the city main thoroughfares, choking the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes, and groaning or cheering in turn at each succeeding bulletin as the nature of the message sinks or buoy's their hopes.

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquirers of the law, is a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his fixed gaze directed to the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, oburgations and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

It was just after the daily organ recital in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made. Panned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the President survive, only to divine Providence can be attributed that beneficial result.

The President, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dias upon which stands the great pipe organ, at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze upon their executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then file their way out through the good-natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to

the building.

The President was in a cheerful mood, and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidence of goodwill which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood John G. Milburn, of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American exposition, chatting with the President and introducing him to persons of note who approached. Upon the President's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

It was shortly after 4 P. M., when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium-sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the President. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. Reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the dias until he was within two feet of the President.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling sound of myriad feet and vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The President stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment, on his face. Then he retreated a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features.

The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one to the rostrum where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Then came a commotion. Three men threw themselves forward, as with one impulse, and sprang toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States secret service men, who were on the lookout, and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the President and the Nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped the hand of the President. In a twinkling, the assassin was borne to the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp, and strong arms pinioned him down.

Of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence, there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, one hand remained steady, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness, and one voice, which retained its even tenor and faltered not at the most critical juncture. They were the mind and hand and eye and voice of President McKinley.

After the first shock of the assassin's shot he retreated a step. Then as the detectives leaped upon his assailant he walked slowly to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands. In an instant, Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the President meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm, and telling them not to be alarmed.

"But you're wounded?" cried his secretary. "Let me examine."

"No, I think not," answered the President, "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless, his garments were hastily loosened, and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its tell-tale stain over his white linen, their worst fears

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