

Harney Valley Items.

VOL. 19.

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

BURNS, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.

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REAL ESTATE

Bought and Sold on Commission. Office in Bank Building.

Lodge Directory.

BURNS LODGE NO. 79, K of P.
Meets every Thursday night.
F. M. Jordan, C. C.
S. Mothershead, K of K. S.

BURNS CHAPTER, NO. 49, O. E. S.
Meets second and fourth Monday of each month in Masonic hall, Yeagly 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. 93, 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. Ione Whiting, Guardian. Clerk.

Church Announcements.

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 3 o'clock P. M. Preaching services every second Sunday at 8 P. M.

At the Presbyterian church Burns, Rev. A. J. Irwin pastor. Divine 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 2nd Sundays, morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m. prayer meeting every Thursday evening.

Services at Christian Science Hall, corner east of the Bank, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Service Wednesday evenings at 8. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

This paper and The Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean \$1.50 for one year. "Special deal"

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

TRICKS OF KNAVES.

Ingenious Methods by Which They Evade Pursuing Officers.

Some Schemes of Sharpers and Tricksters Which Have Saved Them From Terms of Penal Servitude.

To the habitual criminal it is often of vital importance that he should be able to communicate swiftly and secretly with an accomplice, either to elaborate a scheme of rascality or send a warning of imminent danger from the police. Nobody knows better than he, however, by availing himself of the orthodox channels he runs the risk of discovery. Hence it is becoming a common practice for clever rogues never to communicate in a straightforward way if they can avoid it, but, instead, to set up and use peculiar post offices, which are essentially their own, as Cassell's Saturday Journal.

A typical case was that of a man who was "wanted" in connection with certain notorious turf frauds. When the warrant was issued he sought shelter in a shabby lodging in a back street not five miles from the Bank of England. He had friends who strongly objected to his capture, mainly because his appearance in the dock would have led to unpleasant consequences to themselves. But they were all so well known to the police and detectives that it was impossible for them to send a message directly to the fugitive, though he had adopted an alias, much less to pay him a visit. All of them, however, agreed to keep watch on his behalf and to send him word immediately they had reason to fear his piece of refuge was in danger of discovery and the time came for him to make a final bolt.

One of the watching gang learned of the coming danger to the fugitive by methods he saw fit not to talk about, and carelessly sent the servant of his lodgings to dispatch a wire to another of the allies in Edinburgh, to the effect that his aunt was dead. The bereaved nephew mastered his grief so far as to in turn dispatch a wire accompanied by a telegraph money order, to a hostler in the city of London, desiring him to send half a dozen black ties to a given address without delay. The articles were duly taken to the gentleman in retirement by an unsuspecting errand boy, and the trick was done. Every apparently insignificant detail was a part of a prearranged code. The firm sending the ties, their number and color—all conveyed a hint to the person most interested as to the safest mode of flight, the best port at which to attempt embarkation, and the very street in which he was to jostle against a supposed stranger who was to surreptitiously transfer to him a store of money and his passage counter-falls, which had been taken under a false name.

Nothing is too elaborate or ingeniously audacious to men playing a game the loss of which means penal servitude to them. In a midland town lived in lordly style and the odor of outer respectability a person who was strongly suspected of being in league with a gang of "smashers"—that is, coiners—who also disposed of sham foreign notes and did quite a brisk business in worthless securities. There was no doubt that, while they were all scattered about the country, their operations were being directed by a master mind, whom the authorities had no moral doubt was identical with the aforementioned gentleman, who may be called Smith. Smith was never to be seen in dubious company, and the postman never brought him a letter which he was not willing to affably show to anybody. For months there came to Smith's house every morning a young milkman with a placid smile and a shiny brow of innocence. He had set himself up to explain to his customers generally with a legacy left to him by his uncle, and every morning he handed a quart can of milk in at Smith's area door—and every morning Smith's illegal correspondence was lying at the bottom of that quart can in a metal box, and the stout cook who took it in (for appearances are shockingly deceitful) was one of the most cool and daring of all Smith's tools, while the milkman was another. The "smashers" had set him up in business simply and solely that they might have an innocent address to which to send the missives it was his duty to deliver.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

RELIGIOUS MANIAS IN AMERICA.

Our Short History is Full of Examples of Mental Epidemics.

Turning now to the American, who somewhat resembles the Hebrew, both in business ability and religiousness, we find social suggestion working in him on a larger and grander scale. The American is highly suggestible, and the short history of his national existence is full of instructive cases of mental epidemics. A few instances will, perhaps, suffice for our purpose.

At the beginning of the present century a mania of religious revival swept over the continent of northern America, and reached its acme in the camp meetings of the "Kentucky revivals." The first camp meeting in Kentucky was held at Cabin Creek, and continued four days and three nights. The scene was awful beyond description. The preaching, the praying, the singing, the shouting, the sobbing, the fits of convulsions made of the camp a pandemonium. Religious suggestion soon affected the idle crowd of spectators, and seted with such virulence that those who tried to escape were either struck by convulsions on the way, or impelled to return by some unknown, irresistible power. The contagion spread with great rapidity and spared neither age nor sex.

The camp meeting of Indian Creek, Harrison county, is especially interesting and instructive for its bringing clearly to light the terrible power of suggestion. The meeting was at first quiet and orderly. There was, of course, a good deal of praying, singing and shouting, but still nothing extraordinary occurred. The suggestion, however, did not fail to come, and this time it was given by a child. A boy of 12 mounted a log, and raising his voice, began to preach. In a few moments he became the center of the religious mob. "Thus saith the Lord," he shouted, "shall you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord!" At that moment some one fell to the ground in convulsions, and soon the whole mob was struggling, wriggling, writhing and "jerking." In some camp meetings the religious mob took to dancing, and at last to barking like dogs. Men, women and children assumed the posture of dogs, moving on all fours, growling, snapping the teeth and barking.

A BRIGAND WHO LEVIES TAXES.
He Also Preserves the Peace and Protects Property.

"Brigandage is still rampant in many rural districts in Italy," said Dr. Ravogli, the resident Italian consul, to an Enquirer representative recently.

"From advice I receive occasionally I keep in touch with home affairs, and a letter from a friend in Trieste contains a reference to Tiburzi, one of the most picturesque of these freebooters. Tiburzi is about 48. At the beginning of his career he was as loud as others of the same vocation in life; in 1872 he was caught, convicted of highway robbery and murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He escaped in 1874 and took refuge in a wood near Viterbo, where he lived in security, in spite of 17 warrants and a large reward for his arrest. The reason of this security is simple enough. He was good to the poor—any peasant in need of help could always get a gold coin from Tiburzi—and he punished traitors. Consequently the peasants were ready to assist him against the police or government emissaries, and those who would willingly have given information were afraid to do so.

"After his escape Tiburzi altered his method of gaining a living. He caused it to be made known to all the well-to-do people in the district that if they paid him an annual contribution he would not interfere with them, and would protect them from molestation by others. It was considered advisable to agree, and Tiburzi has been for years in receipt of a large income, one man alone paying him £150 a year. Crime has considerably diminished in the district; the smaller fry dare not molest Tiburzi's proteges, for he is still a good shot with his English repeating rifle. Tiburzi does what the government cannot do; he collects taxes without trouble and he keeps down crime.

"It must not be supposed that he hides in the woods all day. He can walk about the whole district without fear of capture, and he lives in good style. He goes to Rome sometimes, presumably in disguise, and has even been abroad. Will he ever be arrested? Time alone will tell."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—Shakespeare.
Let not anyone say that he cannot govern his passions.—Locke.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.—Blair.
The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.—Rousseau.
A poet must need be before his own age to be even with posterity.—Lowell.

The coward reckons himself cautious; the miser thinks himself frugal.—Hume.

Oregonian and Items, \$2.00.

THOUGHT GUN BEWITCHED.

Why the Old Negro Threw It Away and Would Not Touch It Again.

A story is told of Uncle Washington Harris, one of "Marse Clay's niggers afore de war," who remained on the plantation after he was set free. He was considered a power among the negroes, being somewhat of a local preacher, says the New York Tribune, but he said: "I've jist a exhortioner 'mong de congregation."

Once when Uncle "Wash" was "exhortioning 'mong de congregation," the Ku Klux came after him, and, as the old man hurriedly beat an exit through a window, one of the Ku Klux got the tail of his Prince Albert coat, that "Marse Clay" had given him, and which the old darkey was very proud of. From that time Uncle "Wash" always carried an old long-barreled shotgun.

The neighbors were in the habit of meeting at night at "Bob" Clay's country store to tell yarns and talk about the crops. Uncle "Wash" and several other old colored men, were always present, sitting on nail kegs a respectable distance behind "de white folks to hear de yarns." On these occasions Uncle "Wash" always left his gun in the rear of the store.

One night "Buck" Allen, who never was tired of playing jokes on the old man, got his gun, and, after drawing the shot from it, loaded it with powder and phosphorus wood as wadding, then another load of powder and more phosphorus wood, repeating this till there were several loads of powder and wood in the gun, resuming down the last charge of powder with an extra long piece of wood. "Buck" drowned a coal on it and went back to his seat.

If phosphorus wood is lighted, the fire will eat very slowly through it, and act as a fuse. Uncle "Wash" took up his gun and started home, and was several hundred yards from the store when the spark reached the first charge of powder and exploded it, which greatly perplexed the old man, but he attributed it to an accident. When the second explosion occurred he fell on his knees and prayed, but when the third came he threw the gun from him into the bushes and ran for dear life. As Uncle "Wash" burst in the front door to the consternation of his wife, and fell sprawling on the floor, hysterically praying, he heard the last charge explode.

Uncle "Wash" never went back for his gun, and could never be convinced "sneerets" were not in that "ole turkey gun," and that it was not bewitched.

ENGLAND'S HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Some of Them Are Recorded in the Annals of Dumnow Town.

Dumnow, in Essex county, England, has been bringing itself before the public again by a revival of its flitch-of-bacon ceremony. Dumnow ought to be able to furnish some answers to the great question of how to be happy though married. It is the place where it was once the custom to reward and promote conjugal felicity by giving a flitch of bacon to the couple who, after a year of matrimonial experience, could swear that they had not once regretted entering the estate commanded of St. Paul to be honorable. It appears that even the pious prior of Dumnow, who instituted the custom hundreds of years ago, had certain modern, sceptical notions about the success of marriage. Apparently he was of the opinion that there would seldom be many claimants for the prize.

The number of candidates who filled the conditions have not been many in the whole history of Dumnow, and the presentations of the flitch of bacon have been few and far between. But this year Dumnow revived the custom, and two couples received the award due to those who marry and do not regret it. One was a Dublin magistrate and his wife and the other a railroad servant and his wife, from Hertfordshire. The jury was composed of six maidens and six young bachelors, and after the trial an operatic cantata, "Ye Dumnow Flitch," was performed. The oath which the winners of the flitch have to take is enough to deter many from proclaiming their married happiness to the world. After the trial, which takes the form of questions and answers in the presence of the assembled multitude, the oath is administered to the happy pair while they kneel upon two hard, pointed coxles.—N. Y. World.

CHIEF P. M. ARTHUR's real estate in Cleveland is assessed at \$45,000, and worth about \$85,000.

The French duchess d'Uzes is said to repair every Friday morning, in mean clothes, to a cancer hospital; where she replaces an infirmity servant till late in the evening.

The emperor of Germany drinks nothing but Mexican coffee, and a year's supply is sent to him from a plantation in the state of Michoacan. A large German colony there has been cultivating coffee for many years.

The ameer of Afghanistan is writing his autobiography. The book will deal with the whole of Abdurrahman Kahn's career from childhood—his family quarrels, his going to Russia, his rule, etc. Given the possession of a fair literary ability, the ameer's book ought to be interesting.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, if you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

KAISER WILHELM sits for his photograph about once a week.

The salary and expense allowance of President Casimir-Perier is \$240,000 per year.

It is estimated that foreign stocks amounting to \$3,519,035,000 are held in Great Britain, and the interest receivable upon them \$145,000,000 per annum.

It is said that one of Lord Coleridge's peculiarities was his habit when on circuit of strolling round the court to keep himself awake. This was a frequent practice of his when sitting late to finish a case, and was extremely disconcerting to the counsel who happened to be addressing him.

LONDON has an annual average rainfall of but twenty-five inches; Paris, twenty-two inches; Manchester, thirty-six inches, and Edinburgh thirty-eight inches, while Boston shows forty-six inches, New York forty-five inches, Philadelphia forty-one inches, and Chicago thirty-six inches.

AN eminently practical German scientist is said to have applied a mild current of electricity to a swarm of bees, quickly causing them to fall to the ground in a stupefied condition. The bees could be safely handled while in this condition, and if the electric current were not too strong, no injury was done to them.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

TREAT is a twin crystal of emerald in St. Petersburg seven inches long, four broad and weighing four-and-a-half pounds.

The use of argon for high temperature thermometers has been proposed, as the new gas appears to offer advantages over hydrogen and nitrogen generally employed.

Pocket stoves for policemen are the latest. They weigh only a few ounces, and the firm that builds them says that they will make the force comfortable in winter weather.

A recent development in the use of steel in the buildings is in the line of ceilings. Sheets of thin steel stamped with appropriate ornamental designs are substituted for plaster.

A French scientist has discovered how to solidify petroleum. It is calculated that a single ton of the new fuel is equivalent to 20 tons of coal. It is smokeless, non-detonating and cheap.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few days I was perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. New, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you get up, bed, tired when you get up, Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and you will be quickly cured.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about it, and will be satisfied. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.