

Rogue River Courier.

VOL. XIX.

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 18 1903.

No. 12.

Closing Out Sale

AT

Welch's Clothing Store

Goods Are Going
Better Come Before too Late

Summer Soft Shirts

Complete line of Latest Novelties in Silks, Madras, Bedford Cords, Etc.

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If you want the Best Reliable Goods in Southern Oregon come and see our Stock.—Your money will buy more goods here than anywhere else. Come and see us.

Welch's Clothing Store.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

GRANTS PASS.

CRATER LAKE DISCOVERY

J. W. Hillman Tells How and When It Was First Found.

I see that a former resident of Southern Oregon in the early '60s claims to have been with the party that discovered Crater Lake. Mr. Clark dates his supposed discovery many years too late.

Just 50 years ago this summer a party of prospectors from California came to Rogue river valley, stopped a day or two, laid in a supply of provisions, and then left the valley as they supposed, secretly, and without having betrayed the object of their visit; but while making their purchases, one of the party drank, and talked enough to cause some of my friends to repeat and speculate upon the object of their mission, which was soon declared to be the old familiar hunt for the Lost Cabin mine. If I remember rightly, there were 11 members of the California party, and just as soon as their object became known, another party of Oregon prospectors was formed to follow them, and if the mine was rediscovered, to share in the fruits of the fabulous wealth that was supposed to follow.

At this date I cannot recall the names of the party formed to follow the California prospectors. I think our party consisted of 11—just the same number as the party we were to follow. I think Henry Klippel, J. L. London, Pat McMann, a Mr. Little, and myself were part of the number. I know London was there; I am almost sure Klippel and Little were there, and I am sure I was one of the number. We made quick preparations, got some provisions together, and started after the California miners, who soon discovered that we were on their trail; and then it was a game of hide and seek, until rations on both sides began to get low. The Californians would push through the brush, scatter, double backwinds on their trail, and then camp in the most inaccessible places to be found, and it sometimes puzzled us to locate and camp near enough to watch them. One day while thus engaged, and when provisions had run very low, each party scattered out to look for anything in the shape of game that could be found. On my return from an unsuccessful hunt, I passed close to the camp of the Californians. Up to this time neither party had spoken to one of the others, but seeing a young fellow in camp, I made him good day, and got into conversation with him. He asked me what our object was in the mountains, and why we hung so close on their trail.

I frankly told him we believed their leader had certain landmarks which, if found, would enable them to locate the "Lost Cabin," and as we were all pretty good prospectors and hunters, we intended to stay with them until the mine was found or starvation drove us back to the valley. After this a truce was declared, and we worked and hunted in unison. One day just before deciding that it was no longer safe to stay in the mountains, with our very limited supply of food and no game to be found, we camped on the side of a mountain, and after consultation it was decided that a few of each party should take what provisions could be spared, and for a couple of days longer hunt for landmarks which the leader of the California party was in search of; of that party I was one. London did not go with us, and who else did or did not go, I cannot remember.

On the evening of our first day, while riding up a long, sloping mountain we suddenly came to sight of water and were very much surprised, as we did not expect to see any lakes, and did not know but what we had come in sight of and close to Klamath Lake, and not until my mule stopped within a few feet of the rim of Crater Lake, did I look down, and if I had been riding a blind mule I firmly believe I would have ridden over the edge to death and destruction. We came to the lake a very little to the right of a small sloping butte or mountain, situated in the lake, with a top somewhat flattened. Every man of the party gazed with wonder at the sight before him, and each in his own peculiar way gave expression to the thoughts within him, but we had no time to lose, and after rolling some boulders down the side of the lake, we rode to the left, as near the rim as possible, past the butte, looking to see an outlet for the lake, but to our astonishment we found it was a closed lake.

I was very anxious to find a way to the water, which was immediately vetoed by the whole party, and as the leader of the Californians had become discouraged, we decided to return to camp, but not before we discussed what name we should give the lake. There were many names suggested, but Mysterious Lake and Deep Blue Lake were most favorably received, and on a vote, Deep Blue Lake was chosen for a name. We secured a small stick about the size of a walking cane, and with a knife made a slit in one end, a piece of paper was torn from a memorandum book, our names written on it, the paper stuck in the slit, and the stick propped up in the ground, in the best of our ability. We then reluctantly turned our backs upon the future Crater Lake of Oregon. The finding of Crater Lake was an accident, as we were not looking for lakes, but the fact of my being first upon its banks was due to the fact that I was riding the best saddle mule in Southern

A HEROIC PIONEER WOMAN

How Mrs. Harris Fought the Indians in 1855.

In the article which we publish in this issue telling of the discovery of Crater Lake, Mr. Hillman mentions, in connection with the Rogue River Indian war, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Waggoner, and especially the heroism of the former.

The Harris place, at the time of the Indian war in 1855, was about seven miles northwest of the present location of Grants Pass. It is the same place which is now owned by Dr. W. H. Flanagan of this city and which lies about midway between Leuse creek and Jump-off-Joe, on the wagon road. At that time the road ran on the other side of the place from here it does now, nearer the mountain, and the Harris dwelling was situated on this road.

The Indian attack in this country was a complete surprise. The settlers were unprepared and many of them were massacred in their homes. The Indians surrounded the Harris home and called Harris out of the house. As he stepped from the doorway they shot him. Mrs. Harris ran out and dragged him inside the house where he died soon after. She and her daughter, a girl some 12 years old, took refuge up stairs where they could command a view of all points, and with the heroic nerve which was possessed by so many of our pioneer women held the Indians at bay until nightfall.

When darkness came and they hid all night in the willows which grew on the place. In the morning about nine or 10 o'clock a small company of volunteers appeared on the scene and they were rescued. The house was burned by the Indians. A boy living at the Harris home was absent on an errand to the neighboring place at the time of the attack. He was never seen afterwards and it is supposed that he was killed by the Indians.

Mrs. Harris later became Mrs. Chambers of Jacksonville and the daughter was married to John Love of the same place. Mrs. Waggoner lived on Leuse creek the place which is now occupied by G. M. Savage. Her husband was killed away from home either going to or returning from Jacksonville. She was taken prisoner by the Indians and her fate was never learned.

OREGON IS ON THE MOVE

Increase of Post Office Salaries in Towns of the State.

Judged by any test that may be applied, it may be discovered and proved that the population and business of Oregon is not only steadily but rapidly increasing, says the Telegram. One sure proof of this gratifying fact is the increase in the business of a number of postoffices, on account of which the salaries of the postmasters will be increased on July 1. Not only is the business of the Portland office growing month by month, but that of other and smaller Oregon cities is also increasing. The salaries of the postmasters of Salem, Pendleton, Eugene, Oregon City, Ashland, Roseburg, Grants Pass, Corvallis, McMinville, Medford, Hood River, Marshfield, Union, Hillsboro, Newberg, Tillamook, Burns, Independence, Silverton, Milton, Huntington and Woodburn, as will be seen below, will be increased \$100 a year on July 1. This does not mean that other cities, like Baker City, La Grande, Astoria and Albany, are not growing, too; only that their postoffice receipts do not quite justify the increase at this time. But all Oregon towns are growing right along, and they are doing so because the country surrounding them is being developed, because population and products are increasing, because Oregon, "with her own wings," is constantly rising to a higher and broader flight.

	Old Salary	New Salary
Salem	\$2900	\$7700
Pendleton	2300	2400
Eugene	2200	2300
Oregon City	1900	2000
Ashland	1800	1900
Roseburg	1800	1900
Grants Pass	1800	1900
Corvallis	1700	1800
McMinville	1700	1800
Medford	1500	1600
Hood River	1500	1600
Marshfield	1500	1600
Union	1400	1500
Hillsboro	1300	1400
Newberg	1300	1400
Tillamook	1200	1300
Burns	1100	1200
Independence	1100	1200
Silverton	1100	1200
Milton	1000	1100
Huntington	1000	1100
Woodburn	1000	1100

The postmaster of Portland will receive \$7500.

HE REPENTED TOO LATE

So J. D. Heryford Must Pay Birdie McCarty \$22,500.

The breach of promise suit against James D. Heryford of Lakeview by Miss Birdie McCarty was tried last week in the United States court in Portland. The jury awarded a verdict to Miss McCarty in the sum of \$22,500. The finding is considered correct, and it is probable that a new trial will be ordered. The case has attracted a good deal of attention throughout the state.

James D. Heryford, cattle king and banker, lives near Lakeview, Or. There, in September, 1900, he met the plaintiff in the suit, Miss Birdie N. McCarty, who came out from Michigan and began teaching school in the Lakeview neighborhood. She took up her residence at the Heryford ranch, and under the circumstances was naturally much in the society of its opulent proprietor. Heryford's character as a man and as a school teacher was commended in building fires and sweeping out the schoolhouse. His attentions to the schoolmistress became marked, as he was alone in the world, and was doubtless anxious to secure a helpmate. To and from the various places of amusement functions of the neighborhood he was her escort, and during these relations it was when Cupid got in his work. The night before Christmas, three years ago, their affections reached the osculating point, while driving home from a social gathering, and on the night succeeding he asked the matrimonial question. The party interrogated for time in which to take the matter under advisement, and four days later gave an affirmative reply with the understanding that she be allowed to pass half of her time after marriage in Michigan. In the course of a few weeks, following the engagement, Miss McCarty says Heryford compromised her, and her relations with that understanding continued until the summer of 1901, when she went to her home in Michigan to prepare for the wedding.

A correspondence was maintained during the summer and autumn, and in October Miss McCarty claims to have received a letter from her lover in which was the confession that he had ceased to love her, and asking for a release from the contract between them. She wrote and pleaded with him to carry out his agreement, but received no reply, and in September brought the suit. When notice of the action was served on Heryford he wrote to his betrothed, so he alleges, and promised to marry her if she would come to Reno, Nev., but if the offer was made nothing ever came of it.

A THOUGHTFUL MAN.
M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind., know what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c. at W. F. Kramer's drug store.

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We have just placed in our Ware rooms over

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NEW FURNITURE

Chairs, Rockers, Couches, Iron Beds, New Kind Spring Mattresses, Pillows, Stoves and Ranges, Tables, Linoleums. By far the Largest stock in Southern Oregon. Dont take our word for it, or any one else's but

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Quality and Price Guaranteed, Money back if you want it
Special Sale of Carpets and Lace Curtains
New goods—unapproachable bargains

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Popular Prices.

SPECIAL SALE REFRIGERATORS

There's a genuine saving in our refrigerators; they are no experiment, but save ice bills as well as the food.
POCKET PLEASING PRICES.

Tinware Sale—Milk Pans 75c dozen; Coffee Mugs 10c each; Tin Tea and Coffee Pots 10c each.

TENTS Full Line

GLASSWARE—4-piece large sets 50c—Tumblers, all kinds.
Big Line New Couches, Bed Lounges
Iron Beds.
New Prices—New Goods.

Get our figures on the new Hardwood Spring Mattress.



Furniture, Lace Curtains, Mattresses, Cots, Linoleums, Mirrors, Picture Mountings, Granite, Tinware, Glassware, Lamps, Cutlery, Woodenware.

W. C. T. U. Column

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. J. M. Chiles, Friday, June 19, at 2:30 p. m.

Who Killed Our Carl?
By Rev. J. G. Van Ness, D.D.

Few telegrams ever carried swifter or more unexpected or more needless sorrow into a household than—"Carl is shot; is dying; answer." The faces in the paragon grew very pale as this and the one that followed it were read. Our Carl, a student in a state university, shot and dying! Surely some awful mistake somewhere. Half an hour found us speeding toward the north as fast as hurrying train could bear us.

We had first seen him in our congregation at Mason City, Ia. Very fair of face, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and a very responsive, silent listener was the Carl before us, and we had been attracted to him. A visit to the study followed.

We gleaned his history. A Swede. No home in all this land. Partially broken in health from overstudy. Economical. Determined. Intellectually brilliant. Deeply spiritual. It was easy to share with him our home. The great church family soon felt the throbs of this young man's intelligent zeal. His Sunday school class multiplied from four young ladies to four times that number, and spiritual results proved him the best of teachers. His lessons meetings were epochal. The class-lessons were ever pleading for this overworked young man's presence, saying: "You help us."

Two years of strength to the church. Two years of joy to the home. Two years of beautiful life before us all. Health had come back. Money had been saved. The university was calling. We left together, he for the school and we for district work.

And now? Alas! what now? The train sped on. Night was gone. The noon of another day had come. Sad faced students met our train: There was no need for words save to tell the awful tragedy of his death. He had been doing double class work, much Young Men's Christian Association work. But he must not forget to husband his finances. He organized a boarding club. It was very prosperous. He had hired a woman to prepare the meals. All this we knew. The woman was in charge of all the kitchen work. She must have the money. She paid all the bills.

It was hers by right. And she was. The husband was depraved, passionate, and a devotee of the saloon. He demanded the wife's wages. They had already been paid. With emphasis he claimed them from the weary woman. She refused. Angered that Carl had already paid, maddened at his wife's retention of the funds, crazed by a half-slaked whiskey thirst, he drew his revolver and fatally shot our Carl. Next he aimed at his wife, but missed her. Then he closed the awful tragedy by emptying the revolver into his own brain. This was the story, emphasized with sob, that laid forever sorrow on our hearts.

Who killed this blameless, brilliant man? Was this nameless man the murderer? So said the inquest. What fired the brain to dare the terrible deed? Liquor. Whence came the liquor? From yonder saloon.

And whence came that? By the permission of the law. And how came the law? From state and national legislatures. But who compose those law-making bodies? Representatives of the people, from among the people chosen by ballot by the people. Every ballot cast for the man or party that stood for the saloon shared in the responsibility for the saloon's crime. Carl was dead because the whiskey traffic lived, perpetuated and protected by the expressed wish of the voters of the commonwealth. Lady Macbeth could not wash her hands white from the invisible blood stains, and all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten her little hands. As long as the legalized saloon exists, spots of blood will be on the hands of its protectors, and political expediency cannot sweeten them. After the fatal shot our Carl was borne to the hospital, and love and skill did their best to keep him there. When told that he would die, he expressed no fear. A few brief messages of love, and his great white soul went to God, who gave it. As the disciples of old took the beheaded body of John the Baptist and buried it, and then went and told Jesus, so we here the mutilated form of a hundred miles to the one whose name was last upon his lips, and there, beneath a wilderness of flowers, made still sweeter with the baptism of many tears, we laid our Carl to rest. Over his grave we registered once again the vote of hostility to the liquor traffic. Until the hand was cold as his, and voice as silent, should tongue and pen and ballot never falter in their efforts to bring this traffic, humanity's murderer, to its final death. So closed the life of Carl G. W. Alquist, a rare Epworthian. The present and coming hosts of our great Epworth army must meet and utterly destroy the foe that stealthily seeks other victims from our ranks.

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