

ECLUS POLLOCK
of Grants Pass, Ore.
Regular Republican Nominee for
ASSESSOR
Present Incumbent.

W. M. CHESHIRE
of Grants Pass, Ore.
Regular Democratic Nominee for
SHERIFF
Eight years in sheriff's office as
deputy.

H. S. WOODCOCK
Independent Candidate for
COMMISSIONER
Josephine County
Has been serving the county as com-
missioner for the past two years.

E. E. BLANCHARD
Republican Nominee for
REPRESENTATIVE
of Josephine County.
General Election November 5, 1912.

JOHN SUMMERS
Socialist Nominee for
CLERK
of Josephine County.
Ticket Agent and Cashier S. P. R. R.
for Last Ten Years at Grants
Pass.

JAMES HOLMAN
Republican Nominee for
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Of Grants Pass Justice District.
General election November 5, 1912.

E. J. LIND
Republican Nominee for
COUNTY COMMISSIONER
of Josephine County.
General Election Nov. 5, 1912.

W. R. NIPPER
Independent Candidate for
COUNTY TREASURER
of Josephine County.
General Election Nov. 5, 1912.

J. A. LEMERY
Ashland, Oregon, Prohibition can-
didate for
**PROSECUTING
ATTORNEY.**

Am a progressive of the most progressive type as understood by the present national and state platforms. I stand for a strict enforcement of all criminal laws, and will not evade my duty in suppressing blind pigs, road houses and other places of vice, and while strictly enforcing the law, I will faithfully guard the interests of the taxpayers, that no unnecessary burden be placed upon them. Have practiced law seven years and a resident of Jackson county five years.



JOHN W. CAMPBELL
Candidate for Congress
1st Dist.
PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

SERVIAN ARMY WINS.

VERANJE, Servia, Oct. 29.—An official message from the frontier confirms the report that the Servian army has occupied Vellas, Masedonia, according to announcement here today.

Send this paper to your friends.

**STORY OF JOSEPHINE COUNTY
TOLD BY PIONEER**

Gold and Indians Divide Interest in Early Day So. Oregon Narrative.

(Third of a series of historical sketches of the early history of Josephine county, written for the Courier by A. J. Howell.)

Resuming and concluding my review of history of Josephine county, I will say that "Bob" Worthington and John Spurgeon were mining partners on the Althouse. They divided their money and buried it separately in tin cans. In the fall of '34, Worthington buried one thousand dollars that I knew of. One Sunday, almost a year afterward, he requested me to go prospecting with him. He took me along to see him dig up his deposit. Going a half mile he paused at the base of a large sugar pine tree, some thirty yards from which he had buried his treasure under some bushes. Going to the place he saw an empty hole where the gold had been. In a worried voice he said, "My God! some one has watched me bury it and stolen it."

Worthington was going back to "Pike" in old Missouri, and now he declared he was ruined. I thought the hole looked like the work of a small animal, but could not make "Bob" think so. While he was looking at the ground and bewailing his loss I went down the draw leading away from his safety vault. Kicking among the leaves and trash, about thirty steps below, I uncovered the can intact with the gold in it. I called to him, saying, "Here, 'Bob,' is your money." A few long hurried strides brought the now happy man to his wandering "chinkamin."

In addition to the large nuggets already mentioned there was the seventeen pound slug found in 1859 on the left fork by a diminutive Irishman named Matty Collins. The value of the slug was \$3,468. Collins hired another Irishman named Dorsey to help him get the big nugget safely out of the country. Dorsey to accompany Collins with it. Dorsey carried the gold in a burlap bag thrown over his shoulder. "Walk ahead Dorsey," said Collins, "and let me see how ye look." He stood and watched Dorsey as he marched with the fortune on his back. Dorsey paused when Collins said: "Arrah, Dorsey, the devil a one will notice it, go ahead."

The "Rich Bar" claim one mile below Browntown was owned by Church, Mann, Goldsmithier and the writer. I was foreman. We paid four dollars a day and board for common miners and five for bed-rock cleaners. We employed from ten to fourteen men. When shoveling in we got from one to two ounces to the man and when cleaning bed-rock we got as high as seven hundred dollars per day.

"Eight Dollar mountain near Kerby got its name from trouble with the Dear creek Indians. A party was made up to go on the mountain after Indians supposed to be there. One of the party had bought a pair of eight dollar boots, though they did cost eight dollars they were of poor quality and gave out on the trip. For a joke the boys reported that the Indians got after the wearer, hastening the wear and tear of the boots very materially. Hence the name Eight Dollar mountain.

In May, '53, on my birthday, "Shorty" and I went hunting from the forks of Althouse. There was snow high up on the mountain, on the crust of which we could walk. We hunted up the range. It soon began to snow, and there was fog which hung low. We became separated and both got lost. Shorty was out two days and nights before he finally reached the Illinois Valley near Waldo. Night came on me. I was wet, cold and hungry. I kept from freezing to death by constant moving and jumping about all night. Morning found me on the summit of the main range of the Siskiyou. The sun shining brightly. I thought that to travel toward the sun would take me to the right fork of Althouse. Instead, however, I found myself on what proved to be the head of Indian creek on the California side, down which I went.

Following the creek bank I came up against a huge boulder. Looking over the top of it I was amused to see two black bear cubs about the size of coons climbing a small fir tree. At the sight of me the cubs began to chatter in their native tongue, when, to my horror the mother poked her head around the

rock entirely too near to my to inspire confidence. Her deep growl and savage look was so menacing that I dare not move. My gun, an old fashioned cap lock, was wet and out of commission. I drew a sheath knife and informed her in mute language that if she charged me I would surely use it on her. We eyed each other while the black cubs sat upon the limbs of the little fir, near by. Presently the angry mother's head disappeared, to my great joy, only to reappear a moment later at the other side of the rock and nearer than before, having gone around the rock. I quickly reversed engines and prepared for trouble. She now growled louder and deeper and snapped her teeth at me fiercer than ever. When the tension got so great that something must happen she cast her eye up a large tree standing near her and then she sent another growl and defied in my direction and began to climb the tree, much to my relief, up, up. Slowly and deliberately she went to a large limb where she perched herself, with another snarl and growl to me. I took her last look to mean, "You get," and I replied "You bet."

I then gladly lit out down the creek. Continuing to the mouth of it, where it enters the Klamath river, I saw on the opposite bank of Indian creek an Indian rancherie, made up of men, women and children. I made motions for them to come over after me with one of many canoes fastened to the bank. They ignored me and my wishes. I was so hungry that I determined to wade across to them. The water was up to my arm pits and as cold as snow could make it. Once over I soon saw that the Indians could talk neither jargon nor English. I made signs of hunger. At her leisure an aged squaw got for me some dried eel which I proceeded to eat.

The time was about 3 p. m. I then laid down and was fast asleep instantly. When I awoke in the night the Indians were asleep all around me. I was thirsty, I could not wait for daylight to get a drink. I again made signs when the old squaw, who was lying with head to the fire and whose duty it was to chunk up the fire and keep it from going out, understood me, and picking up her woven cap, which she wore daytimes handed me the water in it. I never tasted water so good as that was. I then went to sleep again, not waking until late in the morning. The Indians were basking in the sun, apparently oblivious of my presence among them.

Again I made a sign for food, and as before the decrepit squaw answered my need with a wisp of dried eel. I remained with them all day until late the second morning. I took the breach pin out of my gun barrel and cleaned it, but did not load the gun until I had left their camp.

I now found it necessary to cut my boot legs off and make of them a pair of moccasins in which to walk to Browntown. My boots were so turned oved and dilapidated that I could no longer wear them.

The Indians laughed at me while I was making the moccasins. Once more on my feet I ate more dried eel and then on the second day, following signs made by an old Indian who looked like chief, I started across the mountain. The old chief also made a diagram on the ground of two creeks which I must cross and made sleep signs at the second one of which I understood that I must stay there all night, which I did. My moccasins were better than nothing but I was compelled to use my gun barrel for a walking cane going down the mountain.

The second day from the Indian camp I landed at Pages on the Illinois river (now called Pages gulch.) I had never met Page. I was almost starving for something I could relish, and asked him if he had anything to eat. He replied that he had not, but would have as soon as he could bake some bread, which he was then mixing. I told him of having been lost and my being in the Indian camp for two nights.

I noticed a kettle on the fire and asked him what it had in it. He said it was grouse, but was not done. I took the lid off and cut off a leg of the grouse and ate it. Page treated me kindly, saying after getting better acquainted that he was afraid of me at first appearance. His food

was superb, for I was half starved, having eaten nothing but dried eel for six days.

I stayed with Page one night, when I crippled off for Browntown in my improvised moccasins.

When I came in sight of Browntown a big crowd of anxious miners were there discussing my prolonged absence. Capt. "Bob" Williams and "Shorty" among them. "Shorty" had advised that they do not worry adding "that boy will come out somewhere." When they saw me coming they made the welkin ring, yelling like wild men, declaring that "the dead had come to life" and "the lost was found."

When I told the boys where and how I had been in the time gone and that I spent two nights with the mad Klamath Indians Williams and "Shorty" declared that I would never be killed by Indians. They could not understand why those hostile Klamaths had not killed me and taken my gun, as the Indians were anxious to get guns.

The boys were amazed that any white man could thus stay among those redskins and come away alive so soon after the fight with those same Indians, in 1851.

In this year '51 a party of miners came from Trinidad to Klamath river. Capt. Williams, "Shorty" and George Woods were of the party. They had a fight with these Indians on the present site of Happy Camp, killing several of them. In the thickest of the battle Captain Williams emptied his old fashioned muzzle loading gun and jumped behind a tree none too large for his protection. An Indian seeing him so poorly shielded made for him with bow and arrow, fully determined to take his life before Williams could reload his gun. A squaw, perhaps his wife, ran with the Indian handing arrows to him. Leaping and bounding he was shooting arrows at whatever he could see of Williams, who in turn was dodging first one way and then the other, trying to reload his gun. With every shot of an arrow came the Indian's quaint piercing exultant war yell in high key on the eve of victory. Yee! Yee! Yee! Zip! Zip! Zip, sang the arrows as they tore bark from the tree in Captain "Bobs" very face. "Shorty" seeing the peril of his chum and brave companion, and that the Indian was rapidly closing in, making the escape of Williams impossible, fired at the Indian, and the squaw with her arrows, being in range, he killed both of them at one shot. Now is Bob's time, and he jumped from behind the tree as he drew an old fashioned pepper box pistol from his pocket, loaded it, and fired every barrel of it at the head of the Indian, saying as he did so, "You will shoot me, will you?"

In the fall of '55 old George Woods was prospecting down at the mouth of Deer creek below Kerby. An old Indian was in the habit of frequenting his camp and begging food. Woods had been in all of the Indian troubles in this region and was an avowed Indian hater. One day the Indian was in his camp as usual begging, when Woods gave him some food which he had prepared with strychnine in it. Soon the poor Indian began smacking his lips saying "Hiyum-salt; and raising to his feet started for the creek mumbling "Nica tica hiyu chuck," meaning that he wanted lots of water. Woods got his gun and shot him in the back as he went, dumping his dead body in the Illinois. Not much was known of this at the time.

Such is history.

In conclusion I will say that my narrative of historical events runs back sixty-one years, which is a long time. I have stated the facts as I remember them. I was young then, and the times that produced this very history of which I have written was so new to me that it made an indelible impression on my mind which time has not effaced.

A. J. HOWELL.

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—While military observers here today are agreed complete victory in the Balkans is near for the allied states, and that before the week's end Turkey is likely to admit defeat, no one connected with the government or the army will comment upon the possibility of Europe being generally embroiled. All who have made public statements scoff at suggestions in the press that England, France and Russia would successfully attack Germany now when her ally, Austria, is engaged in watching the Balkan war with possibility of being involved therein.

**ROYAL
BAKING POWDER**
Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food

Prof. Prescott, of the University of Michigan, testified before the Pure Food Committee of Congress, that the acid of grapes held highest rank as an article of food and he regarded the results from baking with cream of tartar baking powder as favorable to health.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

**DR. MARSH LOCATES
IN SOUTHERN OREGON.**

Dr. H. R. Marsh, who, with his wife and six children, arrived recently from Point Barrow, Alaska, is located at Wolf Creek, and will have charge of the interests of W. G. Smith during his absence.

Mr. Marsh has been a resident of Point Barrow for 15 years past, occupying the position of Presbyterian medical missionary, United States commissioner, which combined the offices of probate judge, coroner and justice of the peace, and delivered the mails for Uncle Sam at his farthest north post office.

There were besides Mr. Marsh and his family four other whites and

about 500 natives, and he explains that his numerous duties kept him busy continually. Mr. Marsh has a choice collection of Alaskan curios, many of them having no duplicates in existence as they were connected with the religious rites of the natives and, previous to his appearance at the island, they would not part with them; but later, as they became civilized and Christianized, there was no further use for the symbols of their old religion. It is probable that Mr. Marsh will give a series of lectures during the winter, at which time many of the curios will undoubtedly be exhibited.

Point Barrow, named after Sir John Barrow, is on the north coast of Alaska and the most northerly spot on the American mainland.

LISTEN

Big Chief's Wigwam two times as big for 1913. Great INJUNS coming. Watch little Wigwam, 604 South 6th St., Grants Pass, Ore.



**Money that Dribbles Away
in Small Amounts**

if accumulated can be made to realize a hundred fold more in pleasure and possession. The Savings Department of the

Grants Pass Banking & Trust Company

provides a safe means of accumulation.

When You Sell Your Crop

—OR—

Draw Your Salary

DEPOSIT IT IN THE
JOSEPHINE COUNTY BANK.

Do it even though you want to use a part or all of it. Your cancelled checks will be a safe receipt for bills paid.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

JOSEPHINE COUNTY BANK