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PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

SOME INDIAN WARRIORS MY "SHADOW'S END" BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



AFTER the Custer massacre General Miles was left in command on the Yellowstone and erected huts for his troops and horses, which were brought from the Missouri river by wagon. He built two posts, one on the Tongue river and one on the Yellowstone near where is now the city of Glendive. As soon as these were completed, instead of waiting for spring and summer, he immediately planned to keep up activity against the red foe.

The Indians greatly annoyed his supply trains, and on one occasion the train had to return on account of the strength of the Indians. This aroused the general's ire, and instead of the demoralized tentmen he equipped it with soldiers as such and fighting men to accompany them. Sitting Bull himself noticed Colonel Oia that he must not travel that way, and Miles got after old Bull and overtook him at Cedar Creek. The wily chief sent a flag of truce, as he wished to pass the winter comfortably and wanted permission to hunt and trade on condition that he did not attack the soldiers. But Miles would not temporize. He sent word that there was only one peace, and that was by submission. During the day of truce they tried to trap him in the way in which General Canby lost his life in the "Medoc" conference in '73, but Miles "vopped" the game and told Sitting Bull: "I'll take no advantage of you under a flag of truce. You have fifteen minutes to get back to your people and fifteen minutes more to accept my terms or I'll commence fighting. Either you or I have got to be boss of this part of the country."

Although the country swarmed with Indians and no reply had come, Miles attacked them with such vigor that they left many of their dead on the field, which they never liked to do, and continued a hot pursuit for over forty miles, compelling them to abandon food, lodge poles, camp equipment and ponies. Eventually 400 lodges and 2,000 Indians surrendered and were sent to their agencies. Sitting Bull and his hostile cronies left the main body and escaped northward, where they were joined by Gall and some other chiefs. This bitter experience was an astonishment to Sitting Bull and the Sioux, so that it left that section free from their immediate depredations. After a return to the Tongue river post and a short rest the determined commander made up an expedition to follow Sitting Bull's trail northward, although it was obliterated by deep snow and the winter had opened with great severity, even for that region. The suffering of the troops was intense. A rain storm toward Frank Baldwin and the troops under Miles overtook and hammered old Bull on two occasions and made it so warm for him in such a cold climate that he took refuge over the

Canadian border. General Miles even made application for permission from the two governments to follow him to a finish, but for some reason the higher authorities did not permit it. Sitting Bull's influence had always been ably seconded by Gall as a fighter, and here I want to say that everybody in the "know" recognized Gall as one of the bravest and gamiest of fighting men that history has produced, white or red. On one occasion, in a fight with the troops, he was shot down and ridden over by the cavalry, and it is stated that an infantry soldier, in the excitement of the moment and to assure his death, drove his bayonet clean through his body and left it there, really planting him to the ground. His death seemed assured. Afterward a rainstorm came up, which revived him, and he eventually crawled off in the darkness and lived to lead the firing line in the Custer and Reno fights. Years after I saw the evidence of the wound in his stomach.

This Montana winter, almost continually below zero and at times so cold that the mercury froze solid, tried the soldiers severely. The whole equipment and clothing of the soldiers had to be rearranged, and furs and buffalo robes, deer hides and beaver skins had to be drawn upon from the trading posts on the Missouri and from the agencies. For instance, leather belts of all kinds were replaced by canvas ones. Further explanations would take too long to relate, so suffice it to say that the winter campaign was effectively waged and a great battle was fought with Crazy Horse, who boldly attacked the command with a superior force. Crazy Horse was an Ogala chief who led in the battle against Crook's command, was an important factor in the battle of the Little Big Horn and was a demon in daring.

He gave the command a most determined fight, but nothing but the shrewdness of Miles won, as it waged for hours, the last part of the struggle being in a blinding snowstorm. Several chiefs were killed and a big "medicine man" whom Indian superstition thought invincible, slaying his followers. They fell back, but "Bear Coat," as they had nicknamed Miles, kept up the pursuit persistently, even with frost bitten troops, and eventually John Brugler, a half breed and very brilliant scout with the command, who got in communication at the risk of his life with Crazy Horse, convinced the wily chief that Miles meant what he said, "Surrender and go to the agency or I will attack you every day and keep you awake at night." This was finally consented to, and Crazy Horse was made to accept Miles' terms by his chiefs. Nine remained as hostages, while he and 2,000 of his warriors surrendered at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, and 500 Cheyennes under White Bull, Two Moons and Hump surrendered at the Tongue river post.

Crazy Horse fretted under the restraint of Camp Robinson, and information showing that he was planning to leave the agency with some of the worst of the disaffected, it was thought best to arrest him. This brought about a fight, in which he was mortally wounded and died, skillfully defying the white men.

The Cheyennes who surrendered to Miles were treated by him in a brotherly manner that he eventually gained their affection and from among them enlisted a corps, like the old Pawnees on the Platte, as scouts.

Miles' winter campaign, in short was effective. The next May found Miles leading the Minnesota, under Lane Deer, whom he followed with pack trains and no incumbrances. He surprised them on the Muddy and had them completely surrounded, while a dash by Lieutenant Casey had cut them off from their ponies. He hoped to have them surrender without further bloodshed. White Bull, the Cheyenne chief, was the medium. Their response to this was a rifle bullet through the arm and body of White Bull, but the offer was again repeated, and Lane Deer and his warriors, Iron Star, accepted and approached, but during the parley Lane Deer stepped back and deliberately fired at the general, whose escape was miraculous, as his orderly, who was directly behind him, was killed by the shot. That settled the peace making, and "pumping it into them" began. Lane Deer fled from Star being among the first to fall. The rest were killed, captured or scattered.

Soon after the events just narrated a man I dearly loved and trusted, who had stood beside me at many a trying time, had ridden many a weary day and night, and was weary and disheartened, met his fate—Jim White, "Buffalo Chip."

A package of winter clothes had arrived for me by the river route, and in parting I had given him my best overcoat, a hat and other things, and his death for awhile caused the Indians to report that Pe-Ha-Ha-Ka (that is my Indian name) had fallen, and in several tribes there were held premature obituary services.

Jim, I was always proud that he made a good showing and that he brought home to his western kin, a name which was given to him in a spirit of rivalry by no less a personage than General Phil Sheridan himself.

I will let General Charles King, who was present, tell the story, "Campaigning With Crook."

"This is it not my purpose to write of 'Buffalo Bill,' but for him of another whom I've not yet named. The last time we met, Cody and I, he asked me to put in print a notice of a comrade who was very dear to him, and I shall do so now.

banks of the column, and I got to know him well. A simple minded, gentle frontiersman never lived. He was modest and courteous combined, conspicuous mainly because of two or three unusual traits for his class—he never drank, I never heard him swear, and no man ever heard him lie.

"For years he had been Cody's faithful follower, half servant, half 'partner.' He was Bill's 'Adus Achate.' It was his adoration. They had been boys together, and the hero worship of extreme youth was simply intensified in the man. He copied Bill's dress, his gait, his carriage, his speech—everything he could copy.

"Poor honest hearted 'Chips!' His story was a brief one after we had launched out from where Cody left us to carry some dispatches for Terry. 'Chips' remained in his capacity as scout, though he seemed sorely to miss his 'partner.'

"It was just two weeks after that we struck the Sioux at Slim Butte. As the head of our column jogged in among the lodges General Carr directed us to keep on down to the bluffs to the south, and Miles pointed to a ravine opening out into the village, with the warning: 'Look out for that guilty. There are Indians hidden in there, and they've knocked over some of my men.' 'Everybody was too busy just then to pay much attention to two or three



"Chips' sprang convulsively in the air, wounded Indians in a hole. We were sure of getting them when wanted. So, placing a couple of sentinels where they could warn stragglers away from the front, we formed line along the south and west of the captured village and got everything ready to resist the attack we knew they would soon make in full force.

"Half a dozen soldiers got permission to go over and join in, while the rest of us were hungrily hunting about for something to eat. The next thing we heard was a volley from the ravine and saw the scouts and packers scattering for cover. One soldier held his ground—shot dead. Another moment and it became apparent that not one or two but a dozen Indians were crouching somewhere in that narrow gorge, and the move to get them out assumed proportions. Lieutenant Clark of General Crook's staff sprang into the entrance, carbine in hand, and a score of cavalrymen followed, while the scouts and others went cautiously along either bank, peering warily into the cave-like opening at the head. A squad of newspaper correspondents, led by that reckless Hibernian Finley of the Chicago Times, came tearing over, pencil in hand, all eagerness for news, just as a second volley came from the concealed foe, and three more of their assailants dropped bleeding in their tracks. Now our people were fairly aroused, and officers and men by dozens hurried to the scene. The misty air rang with shots, and the chances looked bad for those redskins. At this moment as I was running over from the western side I caught sight of 'Chips' on the opposite crest. Alone he was cautiously making his way on hands and knees toward the head of the ravine, where he could look down upon the Indians beneath. As yet he was protected from their fire by the bluff, his lean form distinctly outlined against the eastern sky. He reached a stunted tree that grew on the very edge of the gorge, and there he halted, brought his rifle close under his shoulder in readiness to aim and then raised himself slowly to his feet, lifted his head higher and higher as he peered over. Suddenly a quick, eager light shone in his face, a sharp movement of his rifle as though he were about to raise it to the shoulder, when—bang—a puff of white smoke floated up from the head of the ravine. 'Chips' sprang convulsively in the air, clapping his hands to his breast, and with one started, agonized cry, 'Oh, my God, boys—goodby, Bill!' plunged heavily forward on his face down the slope, shot through the heart.

"Two minutes more what Indians were left alive were prisoners and that costly experience was at an end.

"We buried poor 'Chips' in the deep ravine with our other dead, and no scout was more universally mourned than 'Buffalo Bill's' follower and devoted friend, Jim White."

Weston's Long Hike

Pedestrian Achievements of Veteran Walking Wonder Who at Seventy-one Is Tramping From New York to San Francisco to Benefit Mankind—Expects to Finish in a Hundred Days and Wants People to Walk Themselves Into Health and Happiness.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

WHAT do you think of a man seventy-one years old walking from New York to San Francisco? To make such a trip by train would be considered a task by most men of that age. Yet on his seventy-first birthday, which occurred March 15, Edward Payson Weston started from the New York city hall with the avowed intention of tramping it through to the golden west. Moreover, he scheduled enough side trips to carry the total distance up to 4,500 miles. More wonderful still, he promised to do the whole thing in 100 days and rest Sundays. Does it sound like one of the ancient and honorable order of fairy tales? Well, it would sound like that if it were pushed through the headgear of anybody but Weston. If any other walkologist or talkologist should present a proposition like that we would even call it by a shorter and uglier name. But Weston has a habit of making good. He is the man that at the age of sixty-nine walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago in less than twenty-four days. He also tramped from Philadelphia to New York, approximately 100 miles, in less than twenty-four hours. On both journeys he beat his own record of forty years before. When our loved grandfathers were on earth he was doing the deed and too act and was known as "Weston the Walkist."

will be the first authenticated, measured and verified one on record. Some people claim to have walked from ocean to ocean, but there has been no way to prove their assertion, nor have they pretended to make time records. Weston will be accompanied by physicians, reporters and others, who will keep a scientific tab on his time and condition. An automobile will carry food supplies for the pedestrian, also change of clothing, but no camping outfit, as he will depend on finding houses at which he may stop, even in crossing the Nevada desert. The aged walker has been known to wear out successive relays of horses in his rapid cross country hikes, and if he does not put an automobile out of commission the frame of that particular machine will be established.

A Zigzag Route.

Weston's route as tentatively mapped out will be roughly as follows: From New York to Albany; thence to Buffalo; southward to Pittsburgh; then northward through Ohio and westward to Chicago; again southward to St. Louis; from the Missouri metropolis to Kansas City; next to Denver; northward to Cheyenne; over the mountains to Ogden and Salt Lake; then a straight drive through the desert and over the western range to Los Angeles, and the final leg of the journey will be along the coast road to San



EDWARD PAYSON WESTON AS HE STARTED ON HIS WALK IN 1907 FROM PORTLAND, ME., TO CHICAGO AND AS HE FINISHED HIS 1907 WALK OVER THE SAME ROUTE—FIRE CHIEF JAMES HOBAN ESCORTING HIM INTO CHICAGO.

All told, he has trudged about 65,000 miles, or nearly three times around the earth—more than three times, in fact, in the temperate zone. When that sort of chap says he is going from New York to San Francisco we simply have to take him at his word and would do so even if he were a hundred. And, by the way, Weston says he will keep on till he reaches the century mark.

Walks Into Health.

The beauty of all this is that Mr. Weston does it not for money or glory, but for an idea. He believes that people ought to walk more. If his methods are a trifle spectacular it is only that he may thus fix the thought in the popular consciousness. He would have people walk themselves into health and happiness. Can it be done? Well, there is Weston. He did it. He is healthy and happy at an age when most men are "all in" or next thing to it; he has the rosy cheeks and the fire of youth. Walking did it. No theory about that. He has the goods. He is perhaps the first man in the world's history that ever preached a gospel with his feet. But it is a perfectly good gospel—better, in fact, than many men preach with their mouths. And Weston does not preach alone with his feet. He talks for his idea. He also talks temperance—and lives it. On the same day that Weston started his stroll across the continent the extra session of congress met to wrestle with the tariff. Here is betting that he trudges into San Francisco before the houses get their new year into the hands of the president. This is a race worth watching—on the one hand a seventy-one year old pedestrian tramping through sun and rain, through wind and dust, over hill and down valley, and on the other a more than seventy-one year old tariff pursuing an even rockier road.

Weston's tramp across the continent

Bennett doubled his salary on the spot. The young man's feet enabled him to make several beats on the news while he worked on the Herald and other New York papers.

Walked to Lincoln's Inauguration.

Early in 1861 Weston was in Boston, and it was from there that he started on his first famous walk. This was a trip to Washington to witness the first inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. Leaving Boston on Feb. 22, Weston reached the capital city on March 3, having covered 1,000 miles in 11 days. That Washington tramp was the turning point in his career and made him "Weston the Walkist." In 1867 Weston's legs brought him into national fame. They carried him from Portland, Me., his birthplace, to Chicago in less than thirty days, or less than twenty-six walking days. He was an object of curiosity and applause all along the way and when he reached Chicago was given an ovation even more probably never equaled by a president of the United States and was never surpassed unless it was by a prizefighter. He was escorted into the city by the police, with bands playing and flags flying. The streets were thick with people, who were in trees and on roofs in the good old American way. Weston's wife and child awaited him at the Sherman House. After he had joined them he went to the balcony of the hotel, where a crowd of people were gathered, and he gave a speech. Weston was too overcome to talk and could only hold aloft the little girl and say in husky accents that now she could have a pony. He delivered several addresses in Chicago, telling of his trip.

In 1907, forty years later, Mr. Weston again walked from Portland to Chicago, covering the same route as before. This journey was given even wider publicity than the first. Though walking is not now so much in vogue as in the good old days, the veteran pedestrian's advanced age and the romantic parallel of the two journeys and the fact that he was now a man of mature years, made his progress a continued ovation. Many who had run after him as boys during his first trip were now old men, who joined him and trudged by his side as he walked all over the country. When he reached Chicago the scene of his former triumph were re-enacted, although there was no young wife and no little girl to welcome him at the end of his long tramp. As he walked as already mentioned, Weston cut a former record more than twenty-four hours.

After the 1867 tramp Weston made several other records in America, of which the 115 miles in twenty-four hours. This was on a regular tramp from New York city, a style of travel which he never cared, preferring the uneven roads of the country and the open air. He is an out of doors man. He also walked all over the map on scheduled trips, delivering temperance lectures en route. It is still his custom to give temperance talks on Sunday. Largely through Weston's example a walking mania sprang up in the country. He walked in several matches, his most famous competitor being Daniel O'Leary, who sometimes beat him for short distances, but lacked the staying qualities of Weston. The bicycle had not then come and it was while the automobile was far in the future. It was the golden age of pedestrianism, the most healthful of sports.

Took the Astley Belt.

From America Mr. Weston went to England, where he exceeded his triumphs at home. Perhaps his greatest feat was his 115 mile walk in 107 days, an accomplishment that for actual distance covered exceeded the cross continent tramp on which he is now engaged. In 1879 he won the famous Astley belt in London by walking 550 miles in 141 hours and 45 minutes, beating two Englishmen and one other competitor over 100 miles.

When walking matches became commercialized, and so discredited, Weston went into business, and little more was heard of him as a pedestrian until recent years. Through all this time, however, he continued walking a little every day for his health and pleasure. And with him "a little" would mean a killing tramp to other men. His casual stroll was a matter of twenty miles. It was his constant habit to walk from uptown New York to Wall street each morning, a distance of eight or ten miles. Thus he kept in training. His later public exhibits were taken up with the idea that in this age of automobiles, railroads and trolleys the American people are forgetting how to walk, and if the tendency is not checked one of the most healthful and delightful sports will be lost to them. He walks, therefore, for the good of mankind.

In appearance Weston is a wiry little man, five feet eight inches in height and weighing about 140 pounds. He eats two meals a day, a light breakfast and hearty dinner. He does not use tobacco or liquor in any form and is temperate in all things. He does not believe in special training, but keeps always in condition. His great secret is the power of will, of mind over body. He carries a light stick, walks with a measured, springy step, with shoulders well back and breathing deep. He maintains the same pace throughout his long working life. He is a little, wiry, wiry man, whether on a tramp or at ordinary times, claiming that too long sleep makes him heavy and lethargic.

Edward Payson Weston is a living example of what can be done by temperance, exercise and healthy mindness will do for the human race. His example is worth a hundred sermons. He is an embodied proof of the O'Leary theory.