

Daily Democrat
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LOCAL RECORD.

LIVE DAY AT THE RAY.—Yesterday was a lively day at Yaquina bay. The yacht race came off as announced and was witnessed by a large crowd of people. Seven or eight yachts entered the race but only two or three were heard from seriously. The race was from Newport around the Sand Spit, off Yaquina City, twice. A stiff breeze made the sailors mind their tackle, but even with the greatest vigilance one or two catastrophes happened. Mable, owned by Dr. Davis, of Yaquina City, won, taking first money, \$15; White Wing, owned by Burroughs Bros, was second. Boston, owned by Dave Hastings, a yacht that sold about favorite, made a poor record. Too much dipping, they said. Red Bird, owned by Tom Buford, failed to meet the sea breezes in just the right manner, careened to her sides and spilt the crew into the icy waters of Yaquina, causing great excitement among the spectators. Mr. Buford, Frank Williams, Joe White, Mr. Hansen and two others were on board. The Rebecca hastened to the aid of the men, all of whom were saved, though considerably frightened. We understand some of the parties are dissatisfied with the result, and another race will be sailed.

HAY PRESSING.—Prof. J. L. Gilbert, of Lebanon, is in the city to-day. The Professor's hay press is proving quite a success. A few days ago two men and a boy, green hands, baled about six tons, with one, in between five and six hours. More hay is being pressed this summer than commonly. With the price at \$2 a ton, which we understand is the rate this summer, it will pay to do it generally, and not only hay but good straw.

GAME LAW.—Under this law grouse and pheasants can now be killed beginning with the 15th. That was Sunday. The event was anticipated a little resulting in a large number of grouse for Sunday dinners. In the matter of pheasants it is customary to bring them in already dressed, and many declare that the appearance of the flesh has changed in a remarkable manner in the last year or two.

INCIPIENT.—Saturday evening the incipient blazes of a thirty round pugilistic contest flared up opposite the postoffice. One fellow finally yelled, "can't you quit" in such a dampening way that it put the pugilistic conflagration out. No arrests.

ICED AIR.—A great recommendation for the eastern theater this summer is iced air. It is the only thing that draws so hot are the evenings. Here evenings we have iced air perennially. Nature does it by sending fresh sea breezes over the mountains, and our nights are not only bearable but a welcome time of the day.

ENTERPRISE.—Mr. L. Martin, of Ashland, sends his peaches to market done up in paper, the boxes nicely labeled showing just where they come from. Mr. Martin has no difficulty in selling all the peaches he can raise, and soon the cry will be generally for the Martin peach. This kind of enterprise always counts.

RECOVERING.—Mr. John Gilliland, of Sweet Home, arrived in the city this morning. He reports young Minnie, who was shot in the head recently, as slowly improving with good prospects of recovering. This is a remarkable case of vitality. Mr. G. says a comparatively small number of deer hunters have gone into the mountains yet.

FOOT RACE.—The 100 yard foot race run in Portland yesterday between Cameron, of Corvallis, and Hirsch, of Portland, was won by Cameron by about six inches. Time, 10 1/2 seconds. Considerable money changed hands, some of which will come to Albany.

Corvallis and Albany men together won about \$1000 off Portland men, and now feel as if they were about even with that city on account of the shameful manner in which the Albany boys were swindled out of several prizes won at the Portland tournament.

LARGE SHIPMENT.—The Willamette Packing Co. began the shipment this forenoon of 3000 cases of fruit to Portland, that amount having been already put up. The company is doing excellent work, and are sending out some canned fruit as nicely put up and as fine a variety as any canned in the Northwest.

A CORVALLIS PEN.—The cannon used in Corvallis on the Fourth broke several window panes when it was fired on the street in the morning, among the rest, one of an Occidental hotel window. A. Cannon is the proprietor of the hotel. When the question was asked who was to pay for the new light, punster replied: "A Cannon broke it and A. Cannon will have to pay for it."

HOME AND ABROAD.

New shoes at Read's.
Six shaves or a dollar at L. Viereck's.
Sam May, of Harrisburg, is in the city.
New ribbon all shades and styles at Read's.
Walter Ketchum and wife are rustivating at Yaquina bay.
J. P. Wallace, Physician and Surgeon, Albany, Or.
Kenton's Savon soap is selling rapidly at \$5 per box.
A clean towel for every customer at L. Viereck's barber shop.
Six shaves for a dollar and a clean towel to every customer, at Thos. Jones.
The business in the Salem postoffice during the last fiscal year amounted to \$11,464.25.
J. H. Linn, Miss Crete Mack and Mrs. J. E. Woods, of Salem, spent Sabbath in this city.
A circus is coming this way. The advance car has reached Walla Walla. Save your pennies.
John Mack, the great end man among minstrels is mixing drinks in a Portland saloon.
Nelson Barnett has offered his entire railroad building plant for sale for \$300,000. He can keep it.
We have received the first copy of the Pilot, Junction City's new paper. It is a creditable production and will do honor to that city.
A horse suit is being begun in the city that probably has no parallel in the history of horse jurisprudence. The trial, we predict, will draw a large crowd.
A base ball tournament is to be held at Baker City on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d of this month. The Eastern Oregon boys are getting the fever bad.
Persons who patronize cash stores do not have to pay for losses on bad debts. F. L. Kenton sells exclusively for cash and marks his goods at the lowest possible prices.
The Salem printers have begun making arrangements for the State Press Association to be held in that city. Mayor Van B. Delashmunt will be asked to deliver the address.
Miss Isabelle M. Kelley, a Wasco county girl a few days ago saw a coyote chasing some hogs. Her dog refusing to attack him, she did so herself, hitting him with a rock in the head causing his death. Brave girl.
The startling news is just being circulated that one of the delegates to the national republican convention was a man named R. B. Hayes, less conspicuous than even our humble Albany delegate. It took several days to find the fact out.
C. J. Stewart, esq., who has succeeded the late W. B. Rice as traveling agent of the Oregon Pacific R. R., was in town last Wednesday, transacting business for his company. He was on his way south.—Junction City Pilot.
Jim Westfall's wedding has been postponed to next Wednesday. A big dinner will be given in Portland and also on the arrival of the couple in Albany, the room formerly occupied by the First National bank being arranged for the purpose.
Whether from swampy land or stagnant pool, or from the deadly gases of city sewers, malarial poisons are the same. Ayer's Ague Cure, taken according to directions, is a warranted specific for malarial disorders.
Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.
A rustling insurance agent from New York reached Portland recently, and in a few days succeeded in getting the following gentlemen to insure their lives for \$100,000 each: C. H. Lewis, D. P. Thompson, B. B. Knapp, V. B. Delashmunt, W. S. Barrell, W. K. Smith and S. G. Keel. The aggregate annual premium is about \$40,000, of which the agent's share the first year will be nearly \$15,000.
PURE WATER.—The following is what Judge Davis, a level headed Illinois man says of the local newspaper. We publish it for the benefit of some who sponge their reading or are perpetually growling because things are not run to suit them: "Every year every local paper gives from \$100 to \$500 in free lines for the sole benefit of the vicinity in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. To-day the editors of the local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment."

A NARROW ESCAPE.—F. S. Glandon, living near McCoy, Polk county, and a hired man Saturday had a most thrilling experience and a narrow escape from death from collision with the west side up-bound passenger train. Mr. Glandon and his man sometime after ten o'clock, hitched up the work team to the farm wagon, and started for McCoy, not far distant. On the way they had to cross the west side in a wheat field. It appears that they did not notice the approach of the train, for when they got on the track it was so close upon them that they had to jump for their lives. The cowcatcher struck the two horses and literally disemboweled them both, and completely demolished the wagon. How Mr. Glandon and his man escaped without injury is a mystery. It is said that the train approached entirely without warning, and that when the men discovered it, it was so near that they had not time to save the horses, which were valuable.—Statesman.

SURVEYING.—Mr. E. T. T. Fisher is prepared to do surveying of all kinds at reasonable rates. He has complete copies of field notes and township plats in the country. Address—Miller's Station, Linn county, Or.

THE PIONEERS.

Following is the address of Mrs. Eliza Warren, of Brownsville, delivered at the Pioneer's Re-union, held at Crawfordville on June 28th. Coming from the first white born person in Oregon, one whose name was connected with some of the most startling events of the pioneer days of the Northwest, the address is one of great interest:

I think I will first have to say that this is a very embarrassing position for me to undertake. Never having practiced nor experience in speaking or reading in public, and but little courage, putting all together making it very embarrassing indeed. Nor do I think I would have undertaken it now, but I have been so often solicited to say or write something, that I had about made up my mind that if I ever intended to say anything, it was about time to make a start. I was also impressed with a notice which I saw in the Oregonian a short time ago, that Geo. H. Himes, Secretary of the Pioneer Association at Portland had published, in which he said that much valuable matter that might have been preserved is now lost because pioneers have not fully realized their responsibility to those who are to follow. Death has made sad havoc in the ranks during the past year. In a few years there will be none left to tell the story, and the places that now know us will know us no more. Many of you know, no doubt, that I am an old Oregonian. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were my parents, and in company with Dr. Whitman and wife came to Oregon in 1836, as Missionaries to the Indians. My mother and Mrs. Whitman were the first white women that crossed the Rocky Mountains. They were obliged to travel horse-back most of the way. And considering the hardships and dangers through which they had to pass, it was wonderful that they could survive such a trip, my mother's health being very poor most of the time. I was born in Oregon, in 1837. It was Oregon Territory at that time; but since has been divided into Idaho Territory and Washington Territory, and State of Oregon, which makes my birth-place in Idaho where the Lapway Agency is now situated. My father and mother were with the Nez Perce Indians. Dr. Whitman and wife were with the Cayuse Indians near where the city of Walla Walla now stands, and one hundred miles from where we lived. They were our nearest neighbors. We lived there till I was ten years old, so you see I had no school advantages then. I became quite well acquainted with the ways and customs of the Indians, and could speak their language as well as my own. Father and mother taught them so that many of them could read and write quite well in their own language, and some to card and spin and weave quite nicely. We have witnessed their war dances, their sham fights and other performances. We traveled over the country horse back and with pack-horses the same as the Indians and camp where night would overtake us, crossing the rivers in canoes and swimming our horses. But once we were caught, we attempted to ford the Clear Water River where Lewiston is now situated and got into swimming water, of course we had to stem it through. It was night and we had ten miles yet to go before we reached home. The weather was cold and our clothes were soon frozen. There is hardly a day passes but what my memory wanders back to those childhood days and scenes. In the fall there would be some emigrant families that would stop at Dr. Whitman's to spend the winter and rest themselves and their worn-out teams, coming on to this Valley in the spring. Of course there would be enough children to have school during the winter. When I was nine years old my parents sent me over to attend school that winter. Father was so busy he could not take me and they sent me in the care of an Indian woman. She helped my mother about the house a good deal. We were out three days and two nights alone. I doubt whether there is a mother in this assembly who would risk her child in that way; but I was perfectly safe in her care. The next winter when I was ten years old my father took me over to attend school again. That is how I came to be there at the massacre, when the Indians murdered Dr. Whitman and wife and twelve of the emigrant men. It was the first day of school and near the hour of noon when the crash was made. It seems I can almost hear the Indians war whoop, the firing of guns, and the running too and fro. We poor frightened children huddled together and tried to hide, but they soon found us and brought us out. I felt sure our time had come, and I put my apron to my face so I would not see the guns pointed at us. For some reason they did not murder the women and children, but held us as captives for three weeks. We were ransomed by the Hudson Bay Company who were commanding at Vancouver at that time. In a few days my mother received word of what had happened at Dr. Whitman's; of course she was frantic. She sent two of our Indians at once to see what had become of father and myself. When they came they thought they would take me right home, but the Indians would not let me go. Timothy was the name of one of the Indians who came for me. When he told me that they could not take me, the Indians would not let me go, I then for the first time, broke down in tears. It seemed as if my heart would burst. Timothy wiped the tears from my face, and said, "poor Eliza, don't cry you shall see your mother." Father had a very narrow escape in getting back home, was out six days and nights without anything to eat. We all came down the Columbia River in open boats in December and had a severe trip. In 1848 we moved up to this Valley near where Brownsville is now situated. In 1851 my mother died and was the first person buried at the cemetery near Brownsville. Number the graves that are there now. Neighbors were scarce and far between, it was thought nothing to walk three or four miles to visit each other. We lived in small log houses generally consisting of one room. Our cooking was done by the fire place. Visitors generally remained over night in those days. In visiting we would often take some article of food which we thought our neighbor would not have, and go for miles to church on horseback or with ox team.

But those were good old times, it does me good to think of them now. But again we feel sad when we realize that there are but few left now that were the older ones then. And how is it now with those that were in their youth then? Many of us are now with our heads silvered over with the frosts of many winters. Our cheeks are furrowed, our bodies are bent, and time has laid his hands heavily on most of us. Our hearts are weeping for the loved ones that have been taken from us. We are thankful that a goodly number are still permitted to meet on this occasion, and hope and pray that there will be many more reunions for us in the future.

A GUN ACCIDENT.—Dispatches from Dayton, W. T., state that yesterday Clarence Kuhn, aged fifteen, and Guy Cook, aged seventeen, were out hunting fifteen miles from Dayton. The two were on one horse with a shotgun that was loaded. They saw some grouse, and in some way both fell off the horse. In the fall the gun went off and Kuhn was shot in the back, and Cook in the hip. The wounds are serious. The boys live at Dayton. Young Kuhn's parents once resided in Albany.

WILL GO TO THE MTS.—Mr. O. H. Close of Stockton, Cal., arrived in the city this morning, on a visit to his old schoolmate, Mr. F. M. French. Wednesday, with Mr. F. M. Redfield, they will begin a trip to the mountains, to be gone a couple weeks. Mr. Close was also once a neighbor of Mr. J. H. Maine, in Faribau, Minn., but has resided in California about twelve years.

BOARD OF TRADE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade will be held to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock at the G. A. R. Hall. It is highly important that there be a large meeting. There are several big matters that this Board might well consider, and now is the time to take several important steps.

A Frightful Fall.

GRASS VALLEY, July 15.—J. G. Hartwell of Neyada City, a civil engineer, fell down, the shaft at the New Eureka mine this afternoon and was killed. He fell 230 feet. He was coming up the shaft and measuring the distance as he was hoisted up, and the tape line became tangled around his body when near the surface, and pulled him out of the tub.

Hotel Arrivals.

RUSS HOUSE.—L. C. Moore, Bozeman, W. T.; W. E. Denny, L. S. Dowlund, North Yakima, W. T.; John Williams, Shumme Fouts, Mich.; W. H. Warner, city; Hank Lewis, Corvallis; E. Griggs and wife, A. Dreffenbach, Brentwood, Cal.; R. P. Vrooman, J. McChesney, N. Y.; John Unger, J. W. Gilliland, Sweet Home; Levi Jones, Sodaville; J. H. Crouch; James Kenney; C. R. Smith, Klamath Agency; G. T. Thomas, Ashland; W. D. Humphrey, Eugene; O. W. Warren, Hugh Donley, L. H. Griggs, A. H. Black, Portland.

REVERE HOUSE.—A. H. Hamburger, E. R. Manning, James Greary, T. S. Scott, Jno O'Connor, Portland; D. J. Fry, Salem; S. Spicer, Baltimore; J. C. Dyedall, Albany; J. Galdberg, S. F.; R. W. Tamart, A. M. Voorsanger, Philadelphia; M. C. Happer, Indianapolis; R. H. Bailey, Mo.; E. A. Belden, E. Cables, N. Y.; G. P. Van Alstyn and wife, Emil Bersbach, Chicago.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.—For the 24 hours beginning at 12 o'clock, noon. Warmer, clear weather.

Dr. M. H. Ellis, physician and surgeon Albany, Oregon. Calls made in city or country.

BINDERS AND MOWERS.

Farmers, remember that we this year have the Osborne Steel Frame Binders and Mowers, the strongest, lightest running, and best made machine in the market. We can give you just as good terms as anyone, and probably a little better; at any rate come and see us before you buy.

STEWART & SOX.

BINDING TWINE.

We start in this season with 60,000 pounds of absolutely pure manilla binding twine, which we will sell at as low a price as the quality of the goods will admit. There is very little of the pure in the market, and a great deal of poor twine is being offered at low prices. We would be glad to fill your orders for the best.

STEWART & SOX.

THRESHERS AND ENGINES.

The celebrated engines, separators and saw mills manufactured by Russell & Co. of Massillon, Ohio, are now sold by us. They are fast taking the lead in the Valley and invariably give satisfaction.

STEWART & SOX.

SAY!

HERE IS A BARGAIN FOR YOU.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

OF

Brownsville Clothing,

COMMENCING JULY 2nd.

We offer stock of mens' clothing on the Brownsville counter at wholesale

The Co. feel that they have manufactured more goods this season than they can wholesale, so give the public the benefit of the prices to close them out. These goods are made from BEST OREGON WOOL and are first-class.

Terms of Sale---Cash.

This is a splendid opportunity to secure all wool goods at very low prices.

If the manufacturer can't give you

BOTTOM PRICES, WHO CAN?

We have several lines of light weight suits and some odd lots which we have placed on the Clearance Counter at cost.

COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

L. E. BLAIN.