HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES, HEPPNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1926.

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and miles for flour, which they would carry home on their backs.

carry home on their hacks. We got some wheat from the Hud-son Bay people and planted it on our claim. We made it into hominy and also ground it in our coffee mill and made it into bread. After a mill was started at Ellendale by Jas. O'Neal, we got our wheat ground there. The Indiana made hered from the

ind in their references there was plenty of it proversee any of it any more. They would pulverize it in their mortars ind bake it; they used to give us children some and we liked it, but they soon learned our way of making it from wheat flour and dropped their hard and tedious methods. My father was aggidences and the source of the source o

My father was accidentally killed near Walla Walla during the Cayuse Indian war, in 1848, he had command of the volunteers at that time. The Indians were not afraid of the Reguinclums were not afraid of the Regu-lars and would laugh at them, saying "they could catch their bullets in their moutha," but not so with the volunteers; they used the Indian me-thods of fighting and fought them is volunteers; they used the Indian me-thods of fighting and fought them in their state of the sta

Whipped. One day my father asked some of his men to take a rope from a wagon bed in which a number of guns had been placed, one of these guns was loaded and in pulling out the rope the gun was discharged killing him in-stantiv

tighting was all over. It was twelve days before they ar-rived with my father's body. I can re-member that Mrs. Blodgett came all the way over the hills and moun-tians from what it known as Blod-We all liked Mrs. Phil Sheridan. the way over the hills and moun-tians from what it known as Blod-gett's valley to stay with mother, and after she went home Mrs. King came, who lived where King's valley now is, and stayed a while with mother. We had no near neighbors, no white per-son within five miles of us.

Two bachelors had claims five miles to the east of us, one was Mr. John Johnson, and he was so good to help mother, and she in turn would wash and mend for him.

Soon after we moved up on the Pe dee there was an epidemic of meas-trunks and ready for the trip. I told trunks and ready for the trip. I told her she would see many wonderful things, and probably see Phil Sheri-dan, and asked her to come and tell us through it. The old chief's daughter took it and back.

he came to mother and asked her to help cure his child; mother hesitated for she had seen him shour nessitated cine man as he sat on his pony, be-cause some of his patients had died. My brother advised her to have nothing to do with it, but the old chief begged so hard, and so faithfully promised to do as mother told him, that she finally consented. Not know-ing what kind of food or herbs they might give the girl. Mother made him promise to feed her only food that she herself had prepared, and each day he sent some one to our house for the food. She told him to skins around the wigwam to his daughter warm and she keep. would soon break out all over with would soon break out all over with little red spots. He promised to al-low no one in the wigwam except the one squaw who attended her, and to keep her warm and not to allow her to jump into the cold water in the stream as the Indians did when sick. One warring early we heard the One morning, early, we heard the old chief at our door, calling Mother;

we were all frightened nearly to death, for fear the girl had died and he had come to kill Mother, but he to tell that his all covered with red spots just as Mother said she would be and he was so pleased. She got well in a short time, and after that there was nothing mother wanted, which this old chief would not do for her. eld chief would not do for her. One day a band of Klickitat Indians came by our place on a hunting trip; they went on south, down on the Umpqua, and when they came back they had two Indian women with them whom they had stolen from the Coquille tribe and were taking them back with them as slaves. I think they were the largest In-

they wanted bent over, nothing two sticks in their hands, and had to be lieiped up to start with their load, and when they were relieved of it they wiped their faces with their two

Phil Sheridan often stopped at our house, and many times spent the night with us on his trips from Grand

their own style and soon had them whipped. One day my father asked some of

col. Jas. W. Nesmith then took charge of the volunteers, but the lighting was all over. It was a bright little woman, very good looking, and quite likeable. Sheridan was always good and kind to her and taught her to read and to

One day she came to our home, pre-tending to be looking for a horse, but she really came to tell us that she was going on a trip to Washington

Her father had died and her broth er was now Chief Harney, and he and she, along with several other Indians, influential among the tribes had been invited to go to Washington, at the expense of the government.

She was all fitted out in clothes and trunks and ready for the trip. I told me all about her trip when she came

It was wonderful, the things she told me afterwards about her trip and what she saw and she did see Phil Sheridan. He came and shook hands with them all and took her hand and asked about her welfare and then took them all upon the rostrum and introduced them. After that she nev-er saw him again.

My brother, Smith Gilliam, who liv-ed at Walla Walla, has often seen General Grant's squaw wife, and his two children, one a daughter whom he named Nellic. He seemed to like that name for he named his white daughter Nellic, too. His other child was a boy, but I fail to remember his

It was no uncommon thing for white man to have a squaw wife in hose days. James O'Neal had a squaw wife but

when he met the Bowman family he decided he would rather have a white one, so he discarded the Indian wom-an and married one of the Bowman girls. The squaw wife was so angry

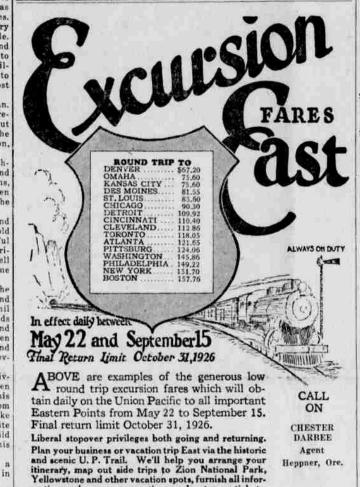
dian women I ever saw. They stop-ped for several days and camped near us, and when the men returned from a hunt they would send these two quaws out over the trail to bring in the deer on their backs. The Indian men never carried any-thing themselves, always the squaws did the hard work. I have seen these two slave squaws with such loads of bark tied on their backs, so large that it looked like s ind of hay coming, all we could see inderneath the load was their feet. They walked bent over, holding two

and we knew she was giad that we had come. But it was only a few days until they came again to us and nexted mother to go too for the little thing was dying.

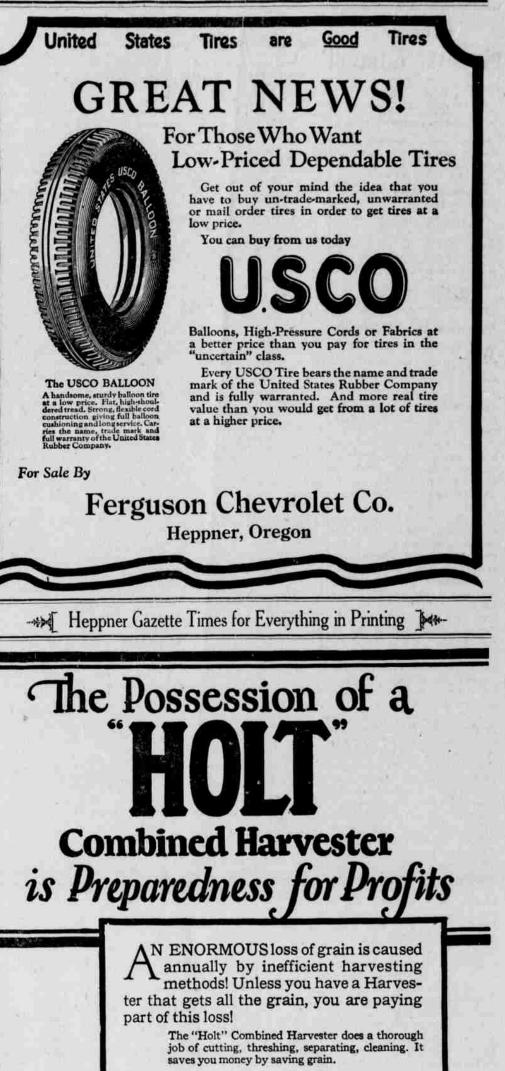
asked mother to go too for the inter-thing was dying. When we got there they were all pathered around and in their way and numerous red strings. At the were trying to keep death from taking this little favorits away. They were making all kinds of mournful sounds, beating on sticks and trying to scare the bad spirit away, but to no avail, the bad spirit away, but to no avail. the bad spirit away, but to no avail. That night the little girl died. Next any funeral have I ever seen such grief displayed, for the whole tribe morning when we went to their camp we found that they had moved the tent in which she had died a few feet loved this little girl. All at once a shot was fired and they killed the pony and the dog. We chidren were frightened nearly to death and my sister grabbed me by my skirts; then from where it had been, and had brought in all the horses belonging to the tribe. They cut off the tails of all these ponies, pulverized quant-Indians came and told us to have no fear, they would never harm us, and explained that they had killed the pony for the little girl to ride on her journey to the Happy Hunting ities of beads in their mortars, and with ashes gathered from their camp fires, scattered these ground beads, horse bairs and ashes all around the tent and ground, and over the bushes Journey to the Happy Huntin Ground, and the little dog would pro ect her on the way.

near where the child had died. They found out in some way that white people placed their dead in boxes and they asked my brother if he would make them a box in which Our old friends are passing away and not many are left with whom t talk over old times; no one living to-day will ever see again the changes that we have seen. We have seen he would make them a box in white to bury this little girl, and he got to-gether a few boards and make them as nature made it, grow and change as nature it is today and to us it

My sister Reta and I were invited into what it is today and to us it o attend the burying, being special seems like magic.



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of the fresh berries Your jam will taste enough like fresh berries to use in strawberry shortcake if you make it this new, easy, short-boil way with Certo, Save the following recipe to use for your first batch of strawberry jam. Cut in halves lengthwise with stainless knife about 2 quarts of small or medium-sized fully ripe berries. After halving, weigh out 2 lbs. berries, or measure 4½ level cups of berries, packing solidly into the cup until juice and fruit come to the top of the cup. Add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in ½ cup Certo. Skim and stir repeatedly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire, to cool slightly. Pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot melted paraffin. The short boiling time, possible of delicate flavor and the darkening in color which used to occur during the old long boil. It also gives you save the large quantity of juice which used to boil away. Certo is a pure fruit product— the jellying substance of fruit re-fined and bottled. A book of simple recipes comes with each bottle. Tur grocer carries Certo, or you can send 10c (for postage) and get

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