

NEW YEARS EVE IN EARLY DAYS IN OREGON

How a White Messenger and Indian Guide Escaped Death—Indian Turns Tables on Prisoners.

(By James D. Fay.)
The bunk house at the Lone Rock ranch in Klamath county furnished a delightful contrast to the swirling snow and piercing winds of outdoor doors, and those of the boys who had reached that haven duly appreciated the warmth and comfort, while they commented on the trouble some of their fellow riders might be having in bringing in belated strings of stock to the feed yards. It is always the weakest cattle that are found and brought in last, and as a consequence are the most wearing on the temper and endurance of the cowman.

"This storm puts me in mind of one other New Year's," remarked the boss as he tilted his chair back against the wall and refilled the pipe just emptied, "in the matter of snow, but not of comfort. There wasn't but mighty little comfort for me that New Year's day, but a whole lot of cold and quite a bit of scare in the program."

"I and an Indian guide were started from Fort Warner two days after Christmas to Fort Klamath, bearing important dispatches. When we reached Goose Lake valley we discovered that we were being followed. We had suspected that much but when dawn came suspicion became a certainty when my companion's sharp eyes discovered one of our pursuers just before he merged himself with the snow-covered expanse which surrounded us. The snow was anywhere from three to five feet deep and we were, of course, on foot, a method of locomotion which never did strike me in a favorable light, and travelling over and through those drifts all day was no light task. I can tell you. By nightfall we had reached the headwaters of Sprague river, however, and having reached the Klamath country, thought that we were reasonably safe from the hostile Snakes and Bannocks. We found a juniper tree with boughs bent to the ground with the weight of the snow, but underneath was a bare spot of ground. We crept into the hole and hanging our blankets so that the light was screened, built a small fire at which we cooked our only meal since the morning. The fire made our closely confined quarters comparatively comfortable. All the day before we could glance back and occasionally see our pursuers, three Indians, who my guide said belonged to the Bannock tribe. They kept at a certain distance but we believed we had thrown them off the track at nightfall. My Indian and I alternated in standing guard, and his turn came in the last hours of the night. I had fallen asleep after being relieved by him and it was just about dawn and the fire burning low but a faint light which doubtless stood out from the outside darkness when an arrow slid noiselessly between the boughs that made our bivouac and struck the trunk of the tree just above my head. I don't take much to awaken a man under the circumstances and I was wide awake when the second arrow came through. I looked about and found my guide had disappeared. I suspected treachery and made ready to defend myself. Making a small peephole in the branches of the tree and looking out I beheld one of the strangest sights of my life. Fifty yards in front were two Indians, their hair standing out straight and white with the frost, creeping stealthily toward my camp, evidently believing that the arrows they had fired had met the mark. I had covered the foremost when a movement in the underbrush attracted my attention and I saw a third Indian, stalking the other two. It was my Indian guide. When the attack was first made the Indian had slipped quietly out of our camp and proceeded to hunt the hunters. Their attention riveted upon our camp the Bannocks did not see the hunter on their trail. Suddenly one of them went down with a knife between his shoulders, there was a whirl of snow, a vision of a couple of dark bodies in deadly combat. Pretty soon as I still gazed with strained eyes toward the spot where I saw certain a tragedy had been enacted, a hand fell on my shoulder and my guide stood beside me as calm and unmoved as ever. From his belt however hung two fresh scalps. Since then a big snow storm on New Year's always reminds me of the time when I lay under that juniper with those bloodthirsty wretches on the outside."

The above story was related to the writer many years ago by one of the pioneer stockmen of the Klamath country, but in trying to put it into type much of the intense personal interest it held for the company seated

Butte Falls Items

Xmas exercises were held in the assembly hall in the new school building. An excellent program was rendered under the direction of our school teachers. Much credit is due our teachers and pupils as well as others who helped with the training and other parts of the program. The hall was nicely decorated. Two trees were heavily laden with presents, many of them quite valuable. It proved, as nearly all of Butte Falls undertakings do, to be a grand success. We are having excellent weather. cold nights.

Although the roads are in bad condition, our mail carrier, Mr. Stowell, manages to get the mail through on schedule time. He keeps his horses in good condition.

D. A. Owens of Dudley carries the mail between Dudley and Butte Falls. Dudley is the newly established post-office on what was formerly known as the unsurveyed. That country has been surveyed and accepted by the government, and the settlers hope to be able to get a filing soon and be able to prove up. These settlers have made good improvements, many of them having been on the land from five to seven years, and are certainly entitled to their homes. The soil is rich. Fruits of all kinds do well and grasses and grain grows abundantly. Joe Hendricks brought down several varieties of wheat that had large, plump heads, and the straw was over five feet in length. Some of the finest potatoes in the country were raised there. P. K. Nally had ripe strawberries do well of November. Even peaches do well. The Dudley settlers are a bright, enlightened people, all great readers, as the mail carrier has a good load of mail on each of his three trips per week.

Emer Spencer of Dudley has just returned from a hospital in Medford, where an operation for appendicitis and gallstone was performed on him. It is reported that the doctors worked, we are pleased to learn he is improving.

The dance given Xmas night by our Athletic club was a grand success financially and socially. Everyone apparently enjoyed themselves to the limit. The grand march was led by the handsomest young man of all Dudley and the belle of Butte Falls. Two basketball games preceded the dance. The Dudley team won from the club team. Our local young ladies' team played a game also, which was very interesting and was won by the Swastikas. The club is a great benefit to the young people of the town, both socially and as a health giver. The music was furnished by G. E. Cowden, violinist; N.

H. Hildreth, baritone, and Miss Grace Smith, organist. All were well pleased with the music. Supper was served by Mrs. Will Chambers (nee Obenehain) under the pure cooking and food act, and was greatly enjoyed by all, as everyone that has ever sat down to an Obenehain meal can testify.

The telephone wire has been stretched between Eagle Point and Butte Falls and we are now awaiting the arrival of B. H. Harris with the phones and fixtures, when we will be able to converse with the outside world. This is a much needed improvement and too much praise cannot be given Mr. Harris for his efforts in securing and pushing for this line.

Work is being pushed at the mill and the Butte Falls Lumber company will soon have one of the best plants in southern Oregon. With the arrival of the Pacific & Eastern Butte Falls will do business.

O. Adams, foreman and timekeeper for the company, is visiting relatives at Albany and other Willamette valley points.

Ben Fredenberg has returned from a trip to Medford. He says the roads are in bad shape, but that he has seen them worse. He says Road Supervisor Geppert did some much needed work the past summer. Geppert was the right man in the right place. W. W. Parker did some good work east of town, but was handicapped by instructions from the head supervisor. Consequently a good deal of the Ginger creek hill road has been washed out by the heavy rains. Our road district is entirely too large. The district should be divided up and local men appointed as supervisors, who would know the roads and have an interesting in repairing them and do the work when it is needed.

Our committee, C. P. Briggs, Aaron Beck and Emerson Wheeler, appointed to get up a petition to have the connecting link of road between this point and Prospect opened up, reports good progress, with the assistance of W. W. Parker they have the petition drawn up and state that a very easy grade can be gotten at a light cost. The point where the road crosses Rogue river is but about 80 or 90 feet wide, and the bridge will be 450 feet above the water. The road will traverse some of the finest scenery on the coast. With the completion of this eight miles of road and the new road just completed down McNeil creek we will have the shortest, easiest grade from Medford to Crater Lake, miles of practically level road, with fine scenery, hunting and fishing galore.

EDEN PRECINCT ITEMS

G. A. Morris and wife were down from West Talent Wednesday to attend the funeral of George W. Hazelton.

G. A. Hover of Valley View orchard was trading with Phoenix merchants Wednesday.

J. S. Stagg of North Talent was a Medford business visitor Thursday.

John Robinson and his brother George of Talent, have gone to Dansumir, Calif., to spend the holidays with their sister, Mrs. F. P. Roper.

Stephen Longfellow, an aged pioneer of this valley, died at the county poor farm Wednesday morning. Mr. Longfellow served in the Rogue River Indian war.

John Graffes of North Phoenix was over in town last Wednesday. It is to be deplored that these good farmers have no rural mail service, as there are at least thirty families across Bear creek.

Died—In Phoenix Monday afternoon, at the home of his great niece, Mrs. G. A. Standard, George W. Hazelton, aged 87 years and four months. Interment in the Phoenix cemetery Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Huff came down from Ashland Wednesday to look after their out-of-town place west of Phoenix, returning to Ashland Thursday.

Mrs. Lillie Blackwood of Phoenix was up in North Talent Tuesday visiting her daughter Mrs. W. S. Standcliff.

Mrs. Ed Hamlin of Eden Valley went to Harrison Gulch to spend Christmas with her mother.

C. E. Houston and his father, A.

about the fire in the dimly lighted bunk house is lost. As we looked through the windows at the driving snow outside, we could in imagination see the two—the white messenger and his Indian guide fighting their way onward through the drifting snow, while behind them came the stealthy, inexorable enemies of their race and tribe, daring cold and storm to accomplish their purpose.

The Indian who guided the messenger was a marked man among his hereditary enemies, the Snakes and Bannocks and was afterward chief of the Klamath tribe. He served his tribe and country faithfully and died in the fullness of his fame.

Rogue River Fish Company will have New Year's turkeys. Come in and select one. 244*

CITY NOTICES.

RESOLUTION AND NOTICE OF ANNUAL CITY ELECTION.

Resolved, by the city council of the city of Medford:

Section 1. There is hereby ordered to be held in the city of Medford an annual election for the election of city officers, pursuant to the charter of said city, and also for the purpose of submitting to the legal voters of said city the following proposed amendments to the charter of said city:

1. An amendment to the charter of the city of Medford creating a city court, making the mayor ex-officio judge of said court; providing for the appointment and salary of a special judge of said court and repealing sections 26, 27 and 28 of said charter.

2. An amendment to the charter of the city of Medford, Oregon, amending section 18 of the charter of said city and providing for salaries for the mayor and councilmen of said city.

3. An amendment to the charter of the city of Medford amending section 38 of said charter, prescribing the duties of the treasurer of said city and limiting his liability in certain cases.

4. An amendment to the charter of the city of Medford amending sections 80 and 84 of said charter.

Said annual election is ordered to be held on January 11th, 1910, between the hours provided in the charter for the holding of annual elections.

The following officers shall be elected at said election: One councilman from each ward of said city, a

CITY NOTICES.

city treasurer and a city recorder.

The following are the places in said city designated as the places at which said election will be held:

First ward—Commercial club rooms.
Second ward—Hotel Nash sample room.
Third ward—Council chamber, city hall.

The following are hereby designated as judges of said election:

First ward—J. B. Sawyer, C. W. Davis, who shall also act as clerk; G. P. Lindley, who shall also act as clerk.
Second ward—L. B. Warner, William Ulrich, who shall also act as clerk; J. H. Bellanger, who shall also act as clerk.

Third ward—M. F. McGowan, Scott Davis, who shall also act as clerk; H. B. Cady, who shall also act as clerk.

The foregoing resolution was passed by the city council on December 21st, 1909, by the following vote: Merrick aye, Welch aye, Emerick aye, Wortman aye, Eifert aye, Demmer aye.

Approved December 22, 1909.

W. H. CANON, Mayor.

Attest:

ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder.

Notice is hereby given that the annual city election ordered by the foregoing resolution for the election of the officers and the approval or rejection of the charter amendments therein specified will be held in said city at the time and at the places designated in said resolution.

ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder.

Dated December 23, 1909. 242

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